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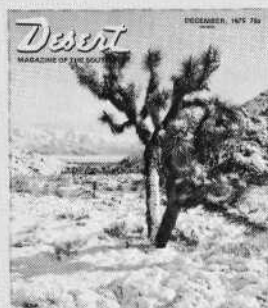
Volume 38, Number 12

DECEMBER 1975

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

WITH THE year drawing to a close, it is an appropriate time to pause and give thanks to all our wonderful readers and advertisers who make the publication of this magazine possible. My wife, Joy, who rightfully should share the title of Publisher-Editor, and I cannot express how rewarding and satisfying our jobs are made by the warmth that we experience in our personal contacts and through correspondence.

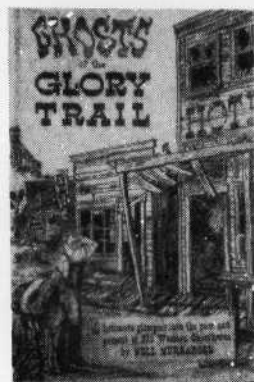
We have tried this past year to balance the editorial content so that there is something of interest to all. We would appreciate hearing any criticisms or suggestions that will improve the end product. We want you to feel that it is your magazine. Times, people, and their needs change, and in the highly competitive magazine business, any insight as to the readers' likes and dislikes is extremely vital. So jot your ideas down on a penny postcard (which has changed to seven pennies) today and keep us on the right track.

Our sentiments for the coming Christmas season appear on the back cover of this issue. Our thanks to artist Lloyd Mitchell for permission to use his original oil "Lone Watch," and to George Service for the color photography.

A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all from the staff at Desert Magazine.



William F. Lippert



GHOSTS OF THE GLORY TRAIL by Nell Murbarger. A pioneer of the ghost town explorers and writers. Miss Murbarger's followers will be glad to know this book is once again in print. First published in 1956, it is now in its seventh edition. The fast-moving chronicle is a result of personal interviews of old-timers who are no longer here to tell their tales. Hardcover, illustrated, 291 pages, \$7.00.



30,000 MILES IN MEXICO by Nell Murbarger. Joyous adventures of a trip by pick-up camper made by two women from Tijuana to Guatemala. Folksy and entertaining, as well as instructive to others who might make the trip. Hardcover, 309 pages, \$6.00.

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OUTDOOR SURVIVAL SKILLS by Larry Dean Olsen. This book had to be lived before it could be written. The author's mastery of primitive skills has made him confident that survival living need not be an ordeal once a person has learned to adjust. Chapters deal with building shelters, making fires, finding water, use of plants for food and medication. Buckram cover, well illustrated, 188 pages, revised edition boasts of 96 4-color photos added. \$4.95.

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CALIFORNIA by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Haase. Extensive documentation and pertinent detail make this atlas a valuable aid to the student, scholar and everyone interested in the Golden State. 101 excellent maps present information on the major faults, early Spanish explorations, Mexican land grants, route to gold fields, the Butterfield and Pony Express routes, CCC camps, World War II Installations, etc. Hardcover, extensive index, highly recommended, \$9.95.

LOST MINES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST by John D. Mitchell. The first of Mitchell's lost mine books is now available after having been out of print or years. Reproduced from the original copy and containing 54 articles based on accounts from people Mitchell interviewed. He spent his entire adult life investigating reports and legends of lost mines and treasures of the Southwest. Hardcover, illustrated, 175 pages, \$7.50.

HAPPY WANDERER TRIPS by Slim Barnard. Well-known TV stars, Henrietta and Slim Barnard have put together a selection of their trips throughout the West from their Happy Wanderer travel shows. Books have excellent maps, history, cost of lodging, meals, etc. Perfect for families planning weekends. Both books are large format, heavy paperback, 150 pages each and \$2.95 each. Volume One covers California and Volume Two Arizona, Nevada and Mexico. WHEN ORDERING STATE WHICH VOLUME.

HOW TO DO PERMANENT SANDPAINTING by David and Jean Villenor. Instructions for the permanent adaptation of this age old ephemeral art of the Indians of the Greater Southwest is given including where to find the materials, preparation, how to color sand artificially, making and transferring patterns, etc. Also gives descriptions and meanings of the various Indian signs used. Well illustrated, 34 pages, \$2.50.

NAVAJO RUGS, Past, Present and Future by Gilbert S. Maxwell. Concerns the history, legends and descriptions of Navajo rugs. Full color photographs. Paperback, \$3.50.

INSIDE DEATH VALLEY by Chuck Gebhardt. A guide and reference text of forever mysterious Death Valley, containing over 80 photographs, many in color. Included, too, are Entry Guides and Place Name Index for the convenience of visitors. Written with authority by an avid hiker, backpacker and rockclimber. 160 pages, paperback, \$4.95.

OUR HISTORIC DESERT, The Story of the Anza-Borrego State Park. Text by Diana Lindsay, Edited by Richard Pourade. The largest state park in the United States, this book presents a concise and cogent history of the things which have made this desert unique. The author details the geologic beginning and traces the history from Juan Bautista de Anza and early-day settlers, through to the existence today of the huge park. Hardcover, 144 pages, beautifully illustrated, \$9.50.

BUTCH CASSIDY, My Brother by Lula Parker Betenson. Official version of the authentic life story of Butch Cassidy, actually Robert Leroy Parker, famed outlaw of his native Utah and adjoining states, told by his surviving sister. The book also offers a new look at Utah Mormon history by a participant. Hardcover, many rare pictures, 265 pages, \$7.95.

DESERT GEM TRAILS by Mary Frances Strong. DESERT Magazine's Field Trip Editor's popular field guide for rockhounds. The "bible" for both amateur and veteran rockhounds and back country explorers, and covers the gems and minerals of the Mojave and Colorado Deserts. Heavy paperback, 80 pages, \$2.00.

GOLD GAMBLE by Roberta Starry. Lavishly illustrated with old photos, the text recounts the vivid memories of the gold mining boom in California's Rand Mining District. Large format, excellent index, 167 pages, \$4.25.



TURQUOISE, The Gem of the Centuries by Oscar T. Branson. The most complete and lavishly illustrated all color book on turquoise. Identifies 43 localities, treated and stabilized material, gives brief history of the gem and details the individual techniques of the Southwest Indian Tribes. Heavy paperback, large format, 68 pages, \$7.95.

THE BAJA BOOK, A Complete Map-Guide to Today's Baja California by Tom Miller and Elmar Baxter. Waiting until the new transpeninsular highway opened, the authors have pooled their knowledge to give every minute detail on gas stations, campgrounds, beaches, trailer parks, road conditions, boating, surfing, flying, fishing, beachcombing, in addition to a Baja Roadlog which has been broken into convenient two-mile segments. A tremendous package for every kind of recreationist. Paperback, 178 pages, illus., maps, \$7.95.

DESERT PLANTS AND PEOPLE by Sam Hicks. Tells how primitive desert dwellers find sustenance, shelter, beverages and healing medicines in nature. Hardcover, \$6.95.

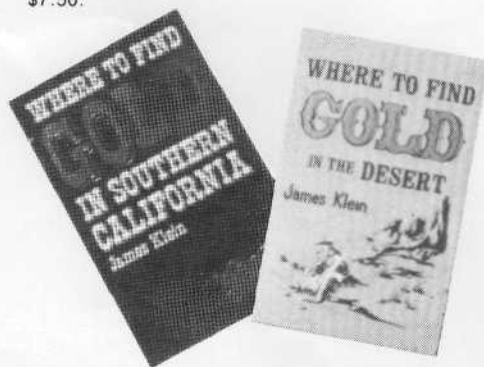
GHOST TOWN ALBUM by Lambert Florin. Over 200 photos. Fascinating pictorial accounts of the gold mining towns of the Old West—and the men who worked them. Large format. 184 pages, profusely illustrated, originally published at \$12.50, new edition \$4.98.



SELDOM SEEN SLIM by Tom Murray. Profiles and vignettes of the colorful "single blanket jackass prospectors" who lived and died as they looked for gold and silver in Death Valley. Slick paperback, exclusive photos of the old-timers, 65 pages, \$3.00.

FOUR WHEEL DRIVE HANDBOOK by James T. Crow and Cameron Warren. Packed into this volume is material gathered from actual experience and presented in a detailed manner so it can easily be followed and understood. Highly recommended for anyone interested in back country driving. Paper, illus., 96 pages, \$2.95.

NEW MEXICO, photographs by David Muench, text by Tony Hillerman, depicting New Mexico's many and varied contrasts in a unique blend that is her mysterious beauty—and a grandeur that is our natural heritage. Hardcover, large format, 188 pages, \$25.00.



WHERE TO FIND GOLD IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA by James Klein. Pinpoints areas around the Los Angeles basin such as San Gabriel Canyon, Lytle Creek and Orange County. Tips on how to find gold, equipment needed and how to stake a claim are included as well as the lost treasure tales of each area. Paperback, illustrated, 95 pages, \$4.95.

WHERE TO FIND GOLD IN THE DESERT by James Klein is a sequel to *Where to Find Gold in Southern California*. Author Klein includes lost treasure tales and gem locations as he tells where to find gold in the Rosmond-Mohave area, the El Paso Mountains, Randsburg and Barstow areas, and many more. Paperback, 112 pages, \$4.95.

LAND OF POCO TIEMPO by Charles F. Lummis. A reprint of the famous writer and historian of his adventures among the Indians of New Mexico. Lummis was one of the foremost writers of the West. Paperback, 236 pages, \$2.95.

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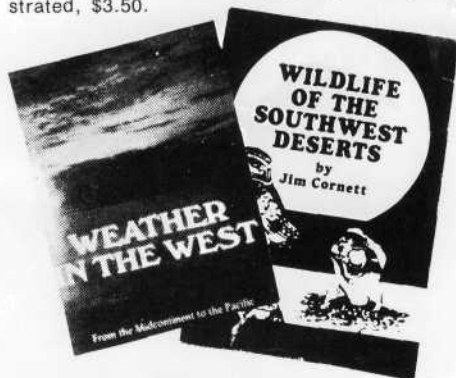
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BLUE GOLD, The Turquoise Story by M. G. Broman. Information on the identification, history and mining of turquoise, as well as an introduction to the lapidary and silversmithing techniques used in making turquoise jewelry. This book is intended for the general reader who is interested in knowing more about the origin of turquoise as well as the interesting facets of buying, collecting and assembling of turquoise pieces. Paperback, color and b/w photos, \$4.95.

GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES by Robert L. Brown. Written by the author of Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns, this book deals with ghost towns accessible by passenger car. Gives directions and maps for finding towns along with historical backgrounds. Hardcover, 401 pages, \$7.95.

HOPI SILVER, The History and Hallmarks of Hopi Silversmithing by Margaret Wright. Years of research have made this book a historically descriptive piece on the Hopi silversmiths. Illustrated with many photographs of silverwork, and more than a dozen pages devoted to the various hallmarks beginning in 1890 and continued through 1971, naming the silversmith, the clan, the village, dates worked and whether or not the silverwork is still being made. Paperback, 100 pages, \$4.95.

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WILDLIFE OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERTS by Jim Cornett. Written for the layman and serious students alike, this is an excellent book on all of the common animals of the Southwest deserts. A must for desert explorers, it presents a brief life history of everything from ants to burros. Paperback, 80 pages, \$2.99.

THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS by Edmund C. Jaeger. A long-time authority on all phases of desert areas and life, Dr. Jaeger's book on the North American Deserts should be carried where ever you travel. It not only describes each of the individual desert areas, but has illustrated sections on desert insects, reptiles, birds, mammals and plants. 315 pages, illustrated photographs, line drawings and maps. Hardcover, \$6.95.

CALIFORNIA by David Muench and Ray Atkeson. Two of the West's greatest color photographers have presented their finest works to create the vibrations of the oceans, lakes, mountains and deserts of California. Their photographic presentations, combined with the moving text of David Toll, makes this a classic in Western Americana. Large 11x14 format, hardcover, 186 pages, \$25.00.

A FIELD GUIDE TO INSECTS of America North of Mexico by Donald J. Borror and Richard E. White. This is the most comprehensive, authoritative and up-to-date guide to North America insects ever published. It covers 579 families of insects and has more than 1300 line drawings and 142 color plates. Hardcover, 372 pages, glossary, references, \$6.95.

THE PACIFIC CREST TRAIL Volume 1: California by Thomas Winnett. Contains complete map of the route (127 strip maps) and a verbal description of the route, including mileages. Also contains chapter on how to backpack and camp in the wilderness, and a chapter on the natural history along the Pacific Crest Trail. Illustrated, paperback, \$4.95.

DICTIONARY OF PREHISTORIC INDIAN ARTIFACTS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST by Franklin Barnett. A highly informative book that both illustrates and describes Indian artifacts of the Southwest, it is a valuable guide for the person interested in archaeology and anthropology. Includes 250 major types of artifacts. Each item has a photo and definition. Paperback, 130 pages, beautifully illustrated, \$7.95.



BACK ROADS OF CALIFORNIA by Earl Tholander and the Editors of Sunset Books. Early stagecoach routes, missions, remote canyons, old prospector cabins, mines, cemeteries, etc., are visited as the author travels and sketches the California Backroads. Through maps and notes, the traveler is invited to get off the freeways and see the rural and country lanes throughout the state. Hardcover, large format, unusually beautiful illustrations, 207 pages, \$10.95.

BIG RED: A WILD STALLION by Rutherford Montgomery. There was a time when there were many wild horse herds on our western ranges. These herds, jealously guarded by the stallion that had won them, met with real trouble when the hunters found they could get good prices for them from meat processors. Big Red tells how one stallion successfully defends his herd from both animal and human enemies. Illustrated, hardcover, 163 pages, \$4.95.

THE GOLD HEX by Ken Marquiss. A single man's endeavors, Ken has compiled 20 of his treasure hunts in book form. His failure to hit the "jackpot" does not mean he is treasureless. From gold panning to hardrock, from dredging to electronic metal detecting, he enjoyed a lifetime of "doing his thing." Slick paperback, illustrated with photos and maps, 146 pages, \$3.50.

THE OREGON DESERT by E. R. Jackman and R. A. Long. Filled with both facts and anecdotes, this is the only book on the little but fascinating deserts of Oregon. Anyone who reads this book will want to visit the areas—or wish they could. Hardcover, illustrated, 407 pages, \$8.95.

BEACHES OF BAJA by Walt Wheelock. Beaches on the Pacific side of Lower California are described by the veteran Baja explorer. Unlike California beaches, they are still relatively free of crowds. Paperback, illus., 72 pages, \$1.95.

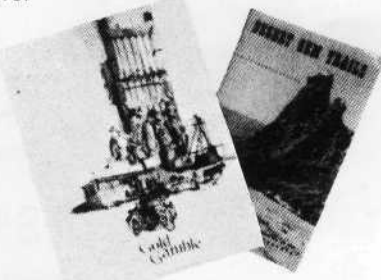
DESERT WILD FLOWERS by Edmund C. Jaeger. One of the most complete works ever published on flora of the Southwestern deserts. Easily understood by amateur botanists and travelers as it is informative to the professional. 322 pages, well illustrated, \$2.95.

GOLD FEVER by Helen E. Wilson. Exciting and true story of a couple prospecting against formidable odds during the Nevada Gold Strike in Jarbridge. Fabulously illustrated with early-day photos. 140 pages, softbound, \$5.00.

WEATHER IN THE WEST by Bette Roda Anderson. A layman's book covering the fundamentals of weather. Contains incomparable color and black and white photos. An unusual and valuable library addition. Hardcover, large format, 223 pages, copiously illustrated, \$18.95.

PHOTO ALBUM OF YESTERDAY'S SOUTHWEST compiled by Charles Shelton. Early days photo collection dating from 1860s to 1910 shows prospectors, miners, cowboys, desperados and ordinary people. 195 photos, hardcover, fine gift item, \$12.50.

THE ROSE & THE ROBE by Ted DeGrazia. Text and sketches tell of the travels of Fray Junipero Serra in California, 1769-1784. Tremendous history and art appeal. Large format, 25 four-color illustrations by DeGrazia. Hardcover, \$11.75.



RAY MANLEY'S SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS is a full color presentation of the culture of the Southwest including jewelry, pottery, baskets, rugs, kachinas, Indian art and sandpaintings. 225 color photographs, interesting descriptive text. Heavy paperback, 96 pages, \$7.95.

WILY WOMEN OF THE WEST by Grace Ernestine Ray. Such women of the West as Belle Starr, Cattle Kate and Lola Montez weren't all good and weren't all bad, but were fascinating and conflicting personalities, as researched by the author. Their lives of adventure were a vital part of the life of the Old West. Hardcover, illustrated, 155 pages, \$7.95.

TEMALPAKH by Lowell John Bean and Katherine Siva Saubel. Temalpak means "from the earth," in Cahuilla, and covers the many uses of plants used for food, medicine, rituals and those used in the manufacturing of baskets, sandals, hunting tools; and plants used for dwellings. Makes for a better understanding of environmental and cultural relationships. Well illustrated, 225 pages, hardcover, \$10.00; paperback, \$6.50.

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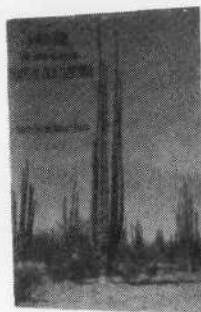
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A FIELD GUIDE TO THE COMMON
AND INTERESTING PLANTS
OF BAJA CALIFORNIA

By Jeanette Coyle
and Norman C. Roberts

This comprehensive field guide will prove appropriate for both the casual observer and the serious amateur. The

plants discussed have been selected because they are common, prominent or interesting; most of them are trees, shrubs or cacti. Each species was selected because the enthusiastic amateur naturalist will probably encounter it while traveling in the peninsula.

Over 250 plants are described along with 189 beautiful color photographs. Each illustrated plant has an ample description on the facing page enabling even the novice to readily identify the specimen. In addition to the description, the reader will find information concerning the region of the peninsula where the plant may be found, and the habitat in which it thrives.

The family and scientific names as well as common English and Spanish names are included and there are brief discussions of the uses of many of the plants by both the aborigines and the Baja Californians of today.

Both a vegetative and a physical map are included on the inside covers, and other pages give illustrations of common botanical terms, a glossary of botanical terms and Spanish words and an extensive bibliography of the flora of Baja California.

Paperback, 206 pages, highly recommended, \$8.50.



THE CREATIVE OJO BOOK
By Diane Thomas

God's eyes or *ojos de Dios*—those colorful yarn talismans originally made by Pueblo and Mexican Indians—have become a current craze among the do-it-yourself decorators. However, until now, it was difficult to find a good book with diagrams and directions available.

Diane Thomas, a teacher, travel photographer and frequent contributor to *Desert*, has remedied the situation by publishing *The Creative Ojo Book*. Included are directions for making wall-hung ojos as well as necklaces, mobiles and gift-wrap tie-ons.

FORKED TONGUES AND BROKEN TREATIES

Donald Worcester, Editor

A collection of writings that tell how the Indians lost their hold on the land by being bullied and cajoled into signing treaties that were then deliberately broken. It also tells how in the past two decades these same broken promises have been used to open a brighter future for the Indian people. Today the Indian population is growing, and past treaties are assuming major importance. Several tribes have successfully brought suit against the government for lands taken illegally.

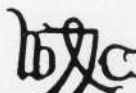
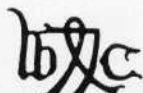
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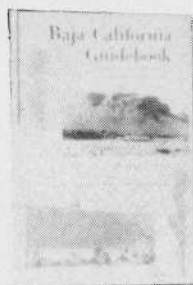
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Primitive people first formed a cross in a square to seek protection from adverse elements. Wound with reeds and fibers, they were crude beginnings of what today has become a thing of beauty, reverently made by artists who find inspiration in the simple designs of past civilizations.

Diane includes explicit instructions for many designs such as the Apache Cradleboard, Tree of Life, Squaw Skirt and Star Shield.

Well illustrated with four-color photographs, 52 pages, paperback, \$2.95.



BAJA CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK
Formerly *Gerhard & Gulick*,
Lower California Guidebook

By *Walt Wheelock*
and *Howard E. Gulick*

This totally revised fifth edition is up-to-the-minute for the Transpeninsular paved highway, as well as other paved roads in the north and at the tip. It also includes new mileages, corrections and additions for the many side roads, ORV routes and trails, and descriptions of the unfrequented and little-known byways to desert, mountain, beach and bay recesses.

The route maps, revised and detailed, are presented in new, more useable, three-section, multi-color layout.

An indispensable guide for the traveler and library, this revised edition is packed with reliable information for vacationers, sport-fishermen, hunters, explorers, campers, scientists, yachtsmen and private air pilots. It includes information on all types of travel from airplanes to pack burros; a sketch of the 400-year history of the region and its missions; a description of the land and its people; and useful hints on food, hotels-motels, customs regulations, money, gasoline, automobile equipment and hundreds of other elusive details.

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BINDERS

DESERT MAGAZINE

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Left: Heavy wooden door at Reymert mine with Weaver's Needle in background. Below: The town of Reymert was strung out along the wash down where the truck is.

THERE'S NEVER any way to tell what you'll find when you set out to explore a ghost town. Often you arrive at a townsite that was once a busy community back in the 1880s, but today seems to have vanished without a trace. But on rare occasions you can stumble upon a treasure.

The old ghost town of Reymert, seven miles southwest of Superior, Arizona, was both a surprise and a disappointment. Only a few ruins remained of the town that once boasted several stores, numerous houses, a butcher shop, a blacksmith shop, Wells Fargo office, school, stables and boarding houses. Although there was little left of the town, a short hike up to the Reymert mine was another story altogether.

A large number of old mine buildings, ore chutes, loaders and shafts were spread all over the hillside. The wood of the mine structures, red-brown with age, added color to the setting. But the ore itself is no less beautiful. Great quantities

Reymert Remnants

by RICHARD DILLON



of black rock laced throughout with shiny crystals can be found near ore loaders and around entrances to the shafts. Perhaps a dozen mines stretch along the hillside for a mile or so. The proportions of the place leave no doubt that the Reymert silver mines were once quite an operation.

Reymert lies in a narrow canyon about two miles long. Looking down from the mines the outline of the town can easily be seen. The town extended along the wash with buildings scattered here and there. Wherever there was space to build, someone put up a house or store. But today, foundations, sections of wooden walls and rock walls are all that remain.

The view from the mines is quite impressive. Away to the northeast the rock tower of Weaver's Needle looms out of the Superstition Mountains. One is reminded that one of the clues to the famous Lost Dutchman gold mine is that Weaver's Needle could be seen from the hillside opposite the mine. However, Reymert was built by silver and although it does not lie in the Superstition Mountains proper, it certainly lies in an area rich in mineral wealth.



Reymert is located on the edge of the great mining district of central Arizona. Just to the east, on the slopes of Apache Leap, is the rich underground copper mine at Superior. Farther east are the Globe;Miami open pit copper mines. To the south are the open pit copper mines at Ray and Hayden. Copper is the most important mineral today and is a multi-million dollar enterprise. But in the past the district was dominated by silver. The rich Silver King mine started the boom in 1876. Several other strikes, including Reymert, followed soon after.

The Reymert silver mines were discovered in 1879 by a lawyer from the town of Florence named James Denoon Reymert. They turned out to be some of the richest and largest silver deposits ever found in Arizona. J. D. Reymert staked out a series of claims on a ledge nearly two miles long. The ledge, named the Continental, contained two silver-bearing veins that sometimes were as wide as 30 feet across.

The two veins of silver ore run parallel to each other and were described as a "double lode." The one located on the western side of the Continental ledge is black ore with a lot of manganese in it. The eastern vein is composed of blue quartz ore. Both veins can still be seen in places and the ore is quite pretty.

J. D. Reymert had come West determined to make his fortune. In April 1877, he wrote his wife declaring that he hoped to find a silver mine. The fabulously rich Silver King mine had just been discovered and was the talk of all Arizona. Two years later, with his discovery of the silver mines on the Continental ledge, his dream appeared to have come true. Wealth was not instantly forthcoming, however.

For the next few years, J. D. Reymert lost money on his mine. He spent thousands of dollars sinking shafts and digging tunnels in an endeavor to determine the extent of the silver deposits. In the meantime, he moved from Florence to Pinal City which was much closer to his mine. There, in addition to his law practice, he became the publisher and editor of a newspaper, the *Pinal Drill*.

In 1885, J. D. Reymert incorporated his mining company. An initial investment of \$100,000 was needed to get into full production. The explorations conducted at the mine turned out to be favorable. Plenty of ore was found and it

was rich enough to be mined at a profit. Soon he was able to attract some investors from Milwaukee. By 1887, the mine was in production and the town of Reymert sprang up nearby.

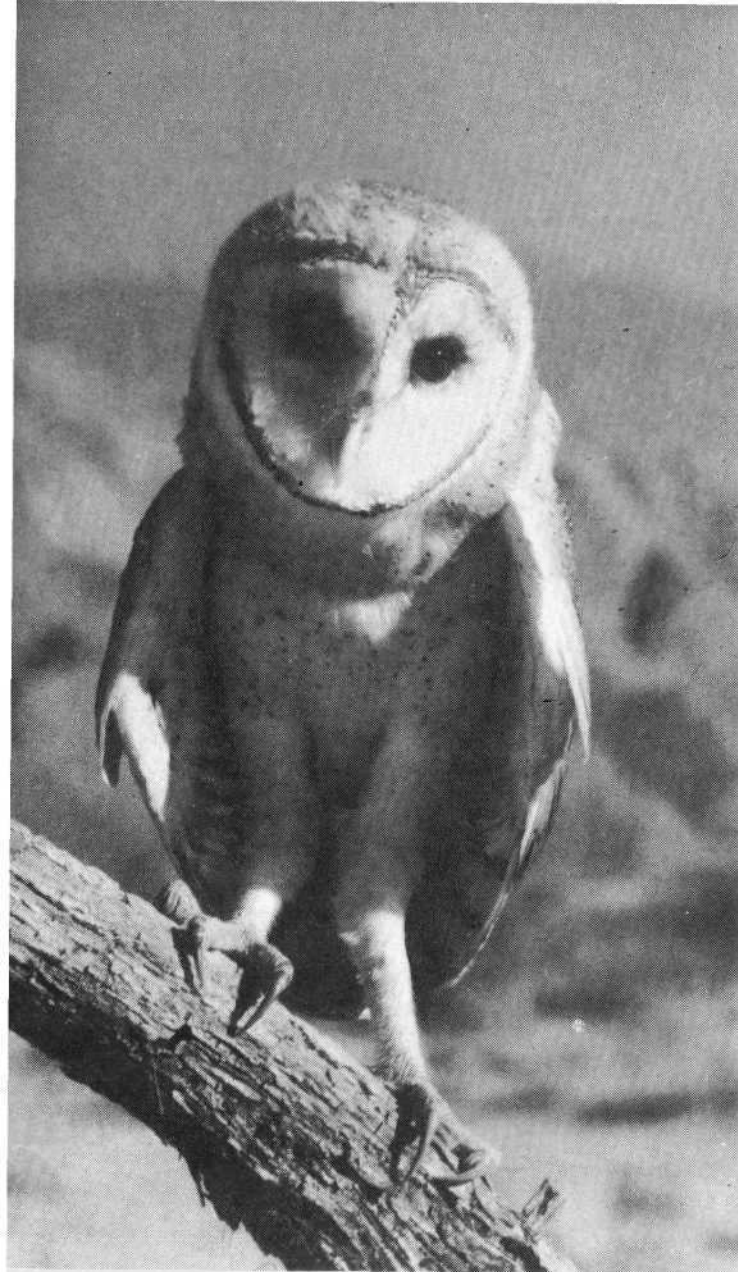
There was not sufficient water at the mine to process the ore, so a smelter was set up on nearby Queen Creek. A 25-stamp mill was erected to crush the ore. After complete processing, between 30 and 60 ounces of silver were yielded from each ton of ore. Later the smelting operations were moved to a site two miles south of Reymert where the small town of Denoon was started. J. D. Reymert's middle name was Denoon. The ruins of Denoon can still be seen, although the old brick ovens have crumbled and it is a little difficult to get there.

The Reymert silver mines operated primarily between 1885 and 1910. Some work was done on and off until as late as 1950, however, there were long periods of inactivity during those later years. The price of silver fell occasionally and other troubles beset the operations. All in all, the Reymert mines are said to have yielded its owners about \$1,000,000 in profits. Small by today's standards, but quite a bit around the turn of the century.

As is true when visiting any old mining areas, care should be taken to avoid falling into a mine shaft. None of the shafts at Reymert are marked or fenced, and some are several hundred feet deep. You can walk right up to one and not see it until you're on top of it. Children should be watched extremely carefully.

The road to Reymert is located off U.S. Highway 60 about five miles west of Superior. Although we negotiated it by car, in reality it is more of a four-wheel-drive trail. There were several places where the road was almost completely washed out. One good gully washer since we were last there might have made the road impassable even for four-wheel-drive. But Reymert is not far off the main highway. A short hike of at most a mile or two will get you there.

The town of Reymert is in ruins today. Hardly enough remains to fit some people's stereotype of a ghost town, but nonetheless, Reymert is still quite interesting. It takes only a little imagination to get a feeling for life back in the silver "boom town" days of the Arizona Territory. □



A full-face view of barn owl reveals its heart-shape and concave areas around the eyes that act as unique hearing aids. Photos by George Service.

THE PHANTOM Bird

by K. L. BOYNTON

©1975

WHEN THE shadows of evening grow long and darkness begins to cover the face of the desert, it is time for the barn owl to be abroad. Emerging from her cool retreat deep in a canyon's rocky wall where she has waited out the heat of the day, she lifts her long broad wings and sails slowly out into the dusk. Pale and wraithlike, she drifts through the gathering gloom in a seemingly ef-

fortless flight, Queen of the World of Darkness, a phantom spirit of the desert night.

Silent the flight of this big whitish bird, hushed by the softness of owl feathers and swifter, now, as she heads for her favorite hunting ground on the flats some two miles away. So quiet is her arrival that scarcely one of the rodents moving furtively through the darkness on the ground below knows she has come. A sudden downward rush, a blow with a mailed fist, a bite at the neck, and the kill is made. The barn owl, on the wing again, has a mouse gripped in her talons to be carried to her favorite dining roost nearby. All through the night she will hunt, returning at first light of day to her home in the canyon wall.

Now it is indeed true that many a desert night can be strangely luminous with stars so bright and air so clear that the world seems illuminated. Under such conditions the owl can easily hunt by sight, its vision in a dim light being around 10 times better than that of man. Moonlight, of course, makes it easier to see, but no easier to hunt, for in turn the rodent folk are more cautious, the most fearful of them not being out at all. But there comes a time in the desert night when the earth lies in blackness for there is no light at all. Even then, the barn owl continues to hunt successfully. Big birds, the adults alone need lots of protein food, and at family-raising time, with a nest full of hungry youngsters to provide for, their hunting must be more efficient.

How do these owls find their prey in the pitch dark?

Naturally, biologists had to find out. It was obvious that without light, eyesight wasn't doing it, and since birds as a class have been notoriously short-changed in the smell department, it must be that the owls were playing it by ear.

Biologists Roger Payne and William Drury devised a neat test for owl-and-mouse reactions in pitch dark whereby the mouse moved across a foam rubber mat, towing a crumpled paper several inches behind it. The owl zoomed down and made a direct hit—on the rustling paper. While this naturally upset the owl, it did prove that hearing was the answer, a likely situation since in the natural set-up rodents going about their business in the ground litter make rustl-

ing noises, and occasional high-pitched squeaks as well.

Now birds have no stick-up ears as mammals do for collecting sound, their simple ear-openings being concealed under feathers. The barn owl further has an odd ear arrangement. The left ear is located higher up in the skull than the right one, although the openings are the same size, a matter strongly suspected to contribute to the bird's accuracy in sound location.

Zoologist M. Konishi worked on the sounds mice make and on the actual range of owl hearing. He found to his satisfaction that indeed mouse rustles and vocal sounds contain a wide range of frequencies, many of which lie precisely in the range where the owl hears best. Tougher tests with owls and mice in the dark showed that the owl only needs to hear a portion of the rustling to do its job. O.K. so far, but what happens if, after the owl starts its zeroing-in flight, the noise stops—a thing apt to occur when the mouse stops moving. Konishi's owl obligingly showed him, via infra-red photography. The owl makes a mid course correction, slowing its speed, if necessary even hovering. Then, on again to target when the sound resumes. Konishi then made the test harder, using a double speaker. The rustle started in one direction and the owl launched towards that. Then the sound ceased, beginning again suddenly from another direction. The owl in flight turned its face first to the new direction of sound, then its body, and this made Konishi wonder. Standing back, he took a good look at Mrs. Owl's heart-shaped face and noted that besides being downright pretty, it was a highly useful one and could indeed play a part in her acute hearing.

Each half has a high wall of densely packed feathers around the edges, the feathers being carried on a fold of skin reaching from above the eye, around back of the ear opening and down to the lower bill. The two halves come together in a tall, feathered ridge in the middle of her face. On either side of this midline ridge then, and extending to the high outside encircling wall, is a hollow with an inner surface shaped much like a parabola. Could these hollows work like today's paraboloid antenna used by man for sound collecting and amplification?

Further, the efficiency of each half of the face is stepped up by a kind of tunnel

Spooked by a sudden noise this young adult barn owl gives a great display of his feathery raiments.



formed by part of the skin fold that leads from each hollow to its respective ear opening. Thus, even the faintest sounds collected and amplified in the facial hollows would be channeled directly into the hearing department. To make things work even better, the skin folds supporting the feathers are movable, so that the owl can actually change the shape of her facial disc, a factor undoubtedly extremely useful for directional hearing and pinpointing the location of sound.

Flight-wise, the owl's soft feathers make sounds of such low frequency that they do not interfere with the bird's own sound reception. Nor are they noticed by rodents, most of whose hearing range lies in the higher frequencies. An exception is the kangaroo rat who, thanks to the construction of its big mastoid bullas (the swelling behind the ear), can hear

low frequencies. Its appearance on a barn owl's menu, therefore, is rarer, calling for especially good hunting tactics on the part of the bird.

Rodents as a class, however, make up the major part of the food budget of barn owls no matter where they live, the particular kind depending on what the specific area has to offer at the moment. Texas Panhandle owls, the Stickels found in their research, like big species of pocket mice best, snatching them as they search the sand around sagebrush for seeds. Cotton rats, grasshopper mice run a close second as tasty items. But ground squirrels, which likewise abound in the Texas scenery, did not furnish food items for the owls which made the Stickels wonder until they remembered that the squirrels, being daytimers, would be safely tucked away in their un-

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derground burrows during barn owl excursions.

Utah barn owls, studied by the team of Dwight Smith, Charles Wilson and Herb Frost, likewise favored rodents, mainly meadow mice, deer mice and house mice with a few starlings and sparrows thrown in for good measure. The bird addition to the menu here was largely due to the fact that the owls, starlings and sparrows all dwelt in the same big compound of deserted steel mill buildings at Ironton, it therefore being simple for the owls, when they felt like it, to pick off one of their neighbors.

Whatever the food item, it is eaten whole or in big chunks. The owl's interior then goes to work. Digestive juices are secreted and the stomach muscles, sorting the cargo over, roll the indigesti-

ble parts up into wads so neatly that any sharp bone edges or quill points are wrapped up inside a covering of matted fur and feathers. These wads are then burped up and ejected through the mouth usually about six to twelve hours after the owl has finished eating. Zoologists dearly love finding these for by taking them apart and studying the bits and pieces, they can tell what small mammals live in that particular region without bothering to trap them. Thanks to the barn owl's collecting work, man-time is saved and in many cases information can be gained about small, odd-ball animals that are not easily trapped.

Particularly edifying were additional investigations into the affairs of the old Utah steel mill barn owls. Here were owls, usually solitary nesters by habit, indulging in a kind of colonial living. Exploiting the fine opportunities for roosting offered by the abandoned buildings, they got their reproductive season going as early as January. Nests appeared tucked here and there in the framework of the old blast furnaces, crane arms and building rafters. Interesting enough, some nests were located extremely close to each other. The consequent overlapping of home ranges did not appear to bother the owls much, active defense being resorted to only with about 15 feet of the nest itself. The birds seemed to get along together pretty well, except for one irate female who not only chased a neighboring male away from her nest, but from his own as well. Nor did she stop there, but chivvied him on out through a broken window and across a yard to a different building. Apparently he irritated her.

In line with owl rules, barn owls lay their eggs on a staggered schedule some one to seven days apart. Incubation starts with the first egg. The female sits daytimes, the male in the late evening. Sometimes both sit on the clutch, side by side. The job takes from 27 to 34 days for each egg to hatch.

The team of Smith, et al, keeping an eye on 15 nests, found that the success story at Ironton was not so hot. Why, they did not know, unless it was that colonial living, so contrary to barn owl nature, had an adverse effect. Six nests failed right off, as none of the eggs hatched. Two others failed because the chicks, for some reason, turned in their dinner pails. The remaining seven nests



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did better, each fledging at least some of their young. The biologists also found a nest with one abandoned and nearly starved chick in it. They fed it up in the lab and when it was hale and hearty put it in a nest that was doing well with two chicks already in it. When the nest's adult proprietors returned, if they were astonished to find that chick number three had appeared during their absence, they took it philosophically apparently. Accepting the chick, they raised it and their own two successfully.

Some 62-67 days are required to get a hatchling to the fledgling stage, and it takes a lot of groceries to do it. The nestlings eat their own weight in a single night, and even barn owls, the best of hunters, are put to it to bring in enough supplies. One biologist reported a family of seven in the East ate 100 rats and small rodents daily. One half-grown little gourmand ate nine mice one after another, stuffed so full finally that the tail of the last mouse hung out of his bill. But three hours later he ate four more.

Through the night the nests must also be provisioned for snacks during the day. One nest at Ironton had 32 rodents and birds in it, a mere drop in the bucket compared to the 190 rodents in a nest reported by another zoologist.

In spite of daytime lunching, the youngsters start hollering for food at sunset and keep it up until a couple of hours before dawn, shutting up only when food is being rammed into their bills, and then for a few minutes after.

Finally out of the nest, the fledglings hang about for usually seven to eight weeks, being fed by the adults. (The little abandoned one for some reason took 13 weeks of post-nest care from its foster parents.) This period of dependence is abruptly ended when the adults, in spite of being pestered from perch to perch by their offspring to go out and hunt as usual, flatly refuse to do so, and the young owls at last have to shove off on their own.

Actually, they are well set up for desert life. Being nocturnal, barn owls escape the daytime high temperature and low humidity, spending these hours in drowsy inactivity in cool canyon walls, rocky hillside retreats, old mine shafts and the like. Being birds, their water loss is slight, since their urinary excretion is in the form of uric acid which carries away twice as much nitrogen as can

be excreted in mammalian urea. Uric acid is also excreted in a semi-solid form, a marked savings in water. Nor do these owls need to drink. As a matter of fact, their water supply comes, ironically, compliments of the prey they catch.

The barn owl, on her way home after a night's silent concentration on hunting, may indeed indulge in a bit of vocalization which, as it should be, is quite in keeping with her ghostlike appearance and eerie flapping flight. Hisses, rattles, chuckles, maniacal laughter interspersed with bill snapping are all in her repertoire to be rendered *con brio* in the wild darkness of the desert night. □

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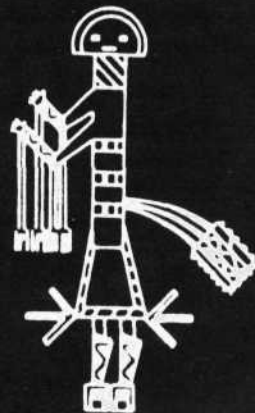
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Utah's red rock country
under a mantle of snow.

F. A. Barnes photo.

Winter on the Desert

by MEL LEWIS

THE CIRCLE OF SEASONS is one of the irrevocable truths of nature. Spring, summer, fall and winter, each season bringing its own special touch of magic to all parts of the earth. True, some of the equatorial and polar areas barely notice it, but however quiet or slight, seasonal changes do take place.

In some regions the seasons arrive with a very definite announcement and linger sufficiently to make their tenure lengthy enough to be revered, tolerated or despised, depending upon the choice of the individuals with whom Nature has shared her grace. Sometimes the seasonal change creeps in soft-footed and unnoticed, like a thief in the night. Other times she roars in boisterously and vociferant, like the fearsome cannonading of a canyonlands thunderstorm, and occasionally she demures her way in, like the sweet innocence of a lovely young maiden blossoming into the full

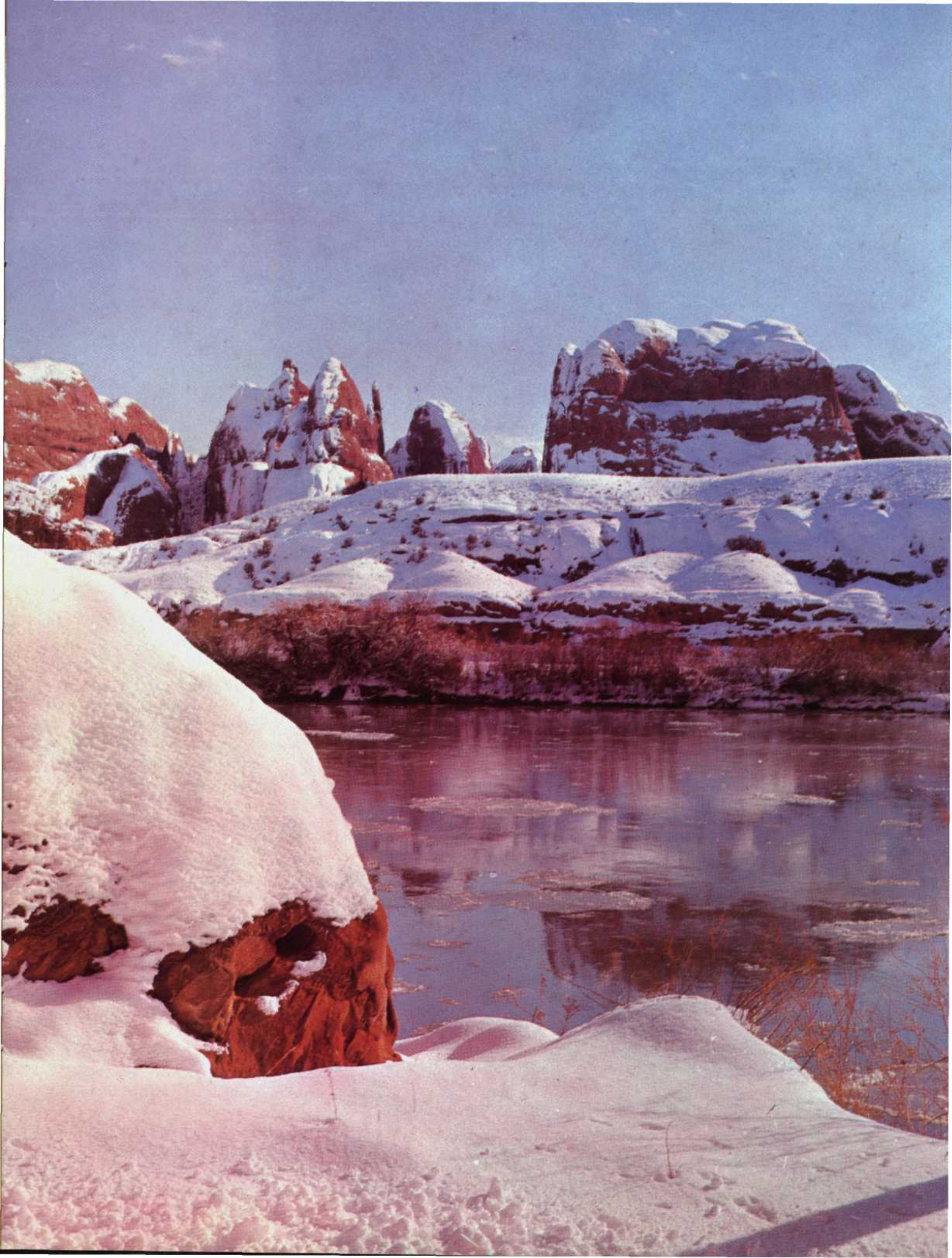
beauty of womanhood. To none of these seasonal changes has the desert country ever been neglected.

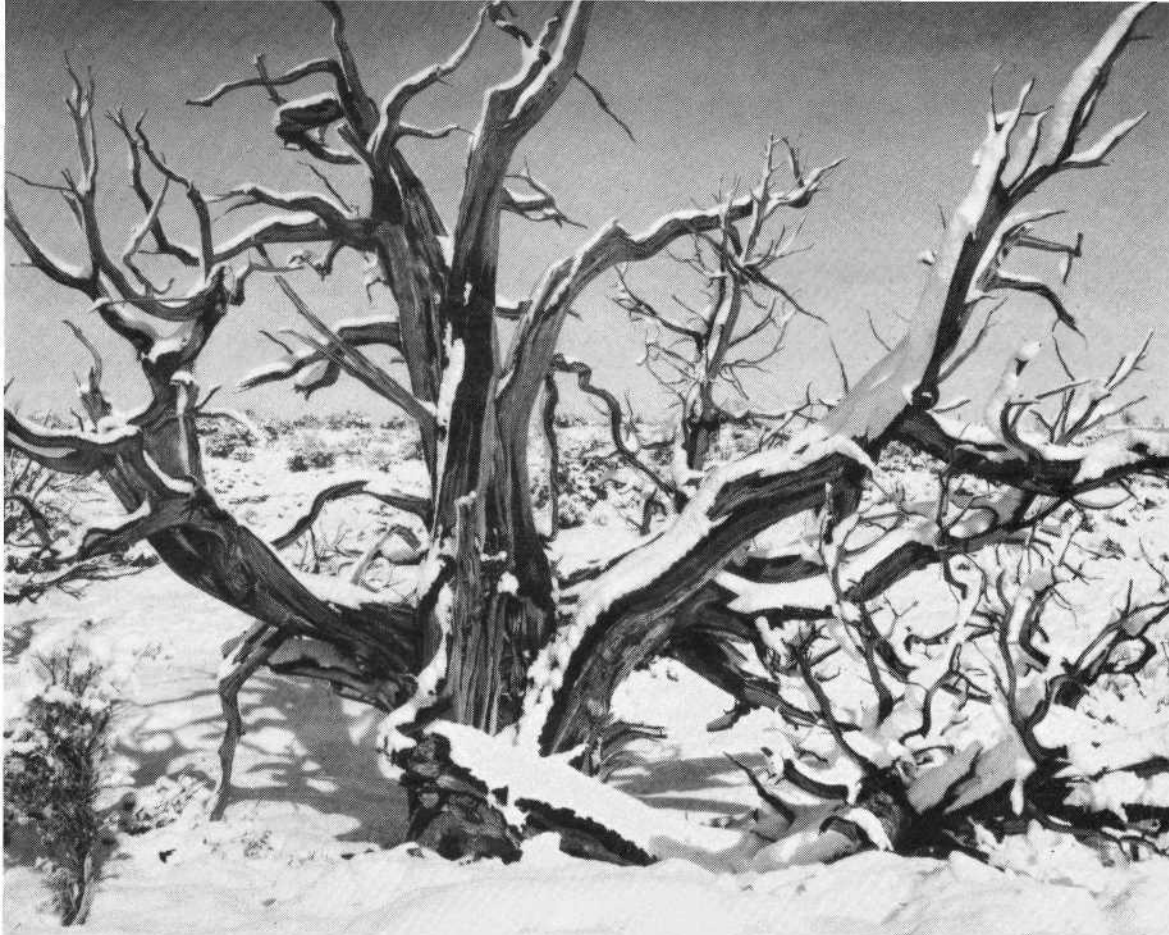
In the desert country the seasons merge imperceptibly. The change is quiet, unnoticed and unhurried. Sort of like dreaming one into the other; or perhaps more like a silent song, hushed and unheard to all but the listening heart, one stanza flowing into another in an endless circle of magic. And what has not touched the heart today can wait, for it will return tomorrow.

Of all the seasons that touch the desert perhaps Winter's performance is the most memorable. Her cloaking of white is unpredictable, her stay is brief, her performance is subject to the whim of the moment, but it is of a magnitude that is unforgettable.

Winter's overture begins somewhere deep in the northern latitudes, somewhere where great masses of super-chilled air collect and then begin a slow







Left: This old cedar, long since retired from life, takes on a new and ethereal beauty, thanks to a sudden desert snowstorm.

Below: Even old sun-dried goldenrod and rodent tracks are graced by the beauty of Winter on the Desert.

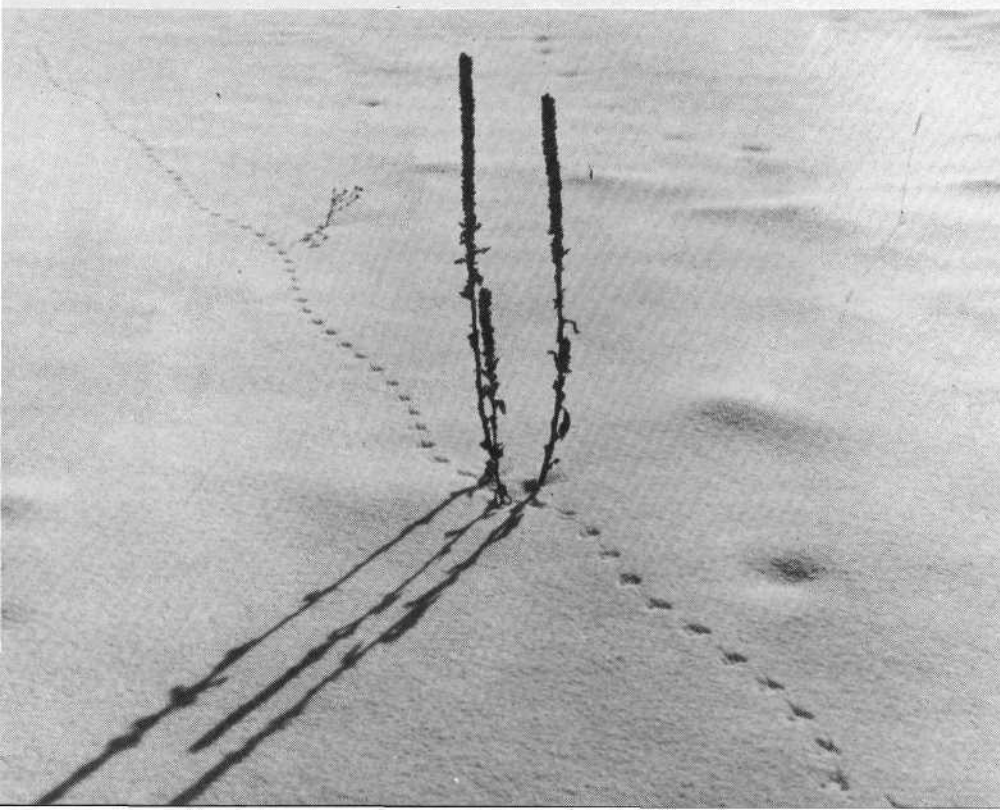
migration southward, all the while sending message streamers far in advance of her eventual arrival. The first harbingers of winter to reach the desert country are the "mare's tails," those high, thin, wispy cirrus clouds that grace the heavens like the flowing movements of a ghostly symphony. Such is the sure confirmation that winter is moving this way.

Winter's coming is even more assured by an almost imperceptible, but somehow definite change in the atmosphere. The air takes on an unbelievable clarity and a noticeable evening chill. Confirmation is manifested in the increased brilliance of the nighttime stars and in the longer stays of the hours of darkness. Morning and evening shadows lengthen,

the desert landscape sharpens in contrast, and the rocks and crags and sands assume a new brilliance of color.

In the higher country, even the pinyons and limber pines acknowledge the advance of winter by dropping unwanted needles and dulling the sheen of those they choose to keep. Higher still, the scrub oaks adorn themselves in a blaze of fiery glory, and the aspens trade the pale green of their quaking leaves for a regal dress of shimmering gold. Oregon grape spreads a carpet of deep purple at the roots of the trees, and the flamboyant red-leaved Virginia creeper twists and threads its course up the trunks to entwine and sun in the uppermost branches. Down on the desert floor the Joshuas seem completely unimpressed by the notices of winter's coming, but the ocotillos take on a glossy verdancy to their serpentine stems, and the many-armed chollas assume their best dress with a cotton-like appearance. Even the myriads of insects sense the seasonal change and burrow deep into the protective soil at the roots of the desert plant life.

The exquisite frailties of the high, thin cirrus accept their final curtain call and then release the scene to the somber, deeper-toned alto stratus, and a new



*Left: Nothing on the desert
is quite so spectacular
as an old dead cedar,
just moments after
it has been "decorated"*

*by hoar frost.
Below: The passing
of a sudden, but infrequent
snowstorm transforms
an ordinary
Arizona desert scene
into a beautiful experience
of tranquility and
enchantment.*



concert of nature has begun. The probing rays of the early morning sun, still below the horizon, seek out a rift in the lowering clouds and swathe their undersides with a dramatic explosion of carmine. As the rift closes, the carmine discretely fades to just a whispering blush of gold and finally succumbs to the supremacy of the middle and deeper tones of gray. As the daylight hours pass, the moisture-laden stratus presses ever closer to the desert until finally its silvergray wraiths and tendrils swirl down to enfold the highest peaks.

Deep in the night, when all the sounds of the earth are quieted, winter pays her visit to the desert. She is preceded by flurrying little freshets and breezes, followed by a steadying flow of warmer air bearing the clean, pure scent special only to the pending arrival of new snow. Then it comes. First, only a scattering of dancing feathery-white flakes carried playfully along upon the flowing breezes. The flakes thicken and increase in size. All through the peace and silence of the desert night they fall, flake upon gentle white flake, each choosing its own resting place upon the bosom of the earth, each contributing a share to the quiet blanket of white, a blanket that increases in depth and beauty until finally

the performance is over and a most magnificent testimony to the purity of nature lies in a magical panorama that can only be described symphonically or spiritually.

All of the scars, the decay of plant life, the iniquities of civilization have been temporarily hidden and clothed in a scene of inexplicable beauty. There will be no encore for another season, so we

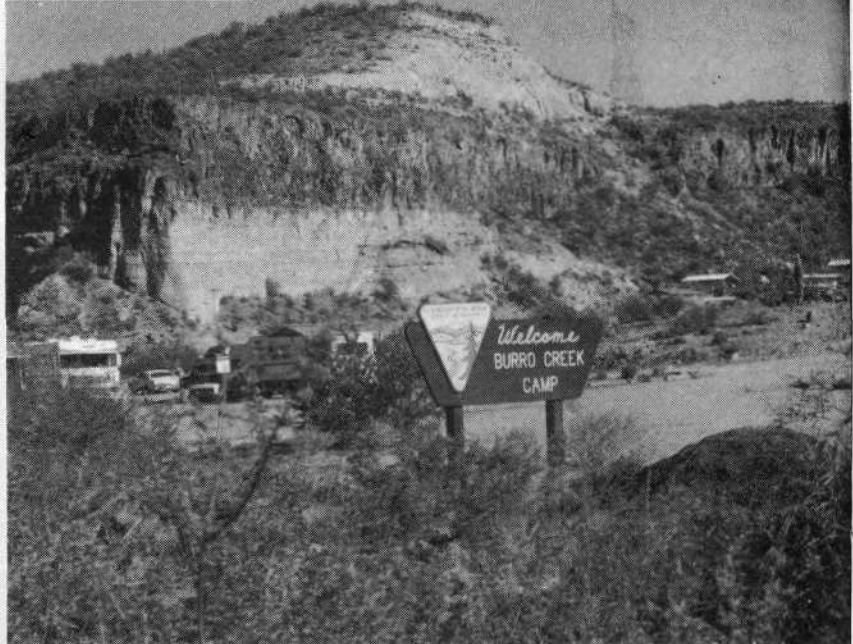
lament the rising of the morning sun, for surely it will melt the blanket of freshly fallen snow all too soon and reexpose the desert in its old familiar form. But then, why should we lament? As surely as the seasons change, spring is coming, and with the announcement of spring comes the exciting promise of a new and magical part of the desert's Circle of Seasons. □



*Far right: Built about Civil War time,
the old sod house
at the Spurlock Ranch
is succumbing to the relentless elements
of over a century.*

*Right: The B.L.M. has built a fine campground
near Highway 93 along Burro Creek.
It makes a fine and ideal base camp
for Arizona's winter visitors,
as well as rock collectors.*

*Below: The route to various collecting areas
wanders through the southern end of the Aquarius
Range. Lava-capped mesas and ash hills
indicate the volcanic turmoil of bygone eras.
This is lonely, lovely land
and primeval Arizona Desert at its best.*



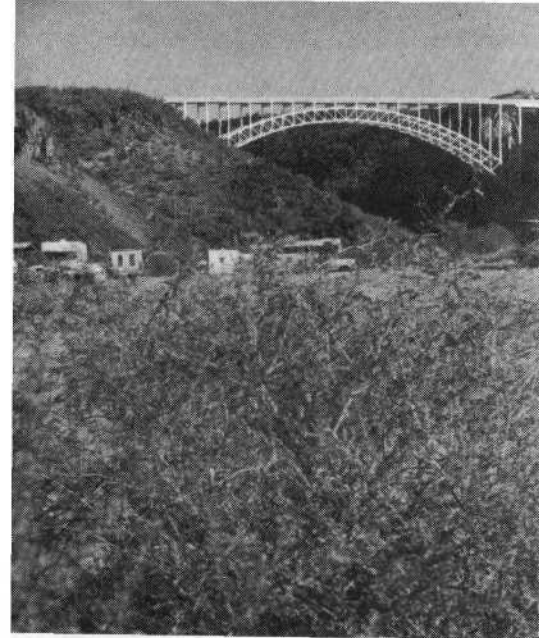
WE HAD been traveling nearly an hour along a winding dirt road in the Aquarius Range when Bob Fuqua signaled another stop. "This is the summit and a good place to look out across the country," he advised. The view before us was breathtaking, even under a leaden Arizona sky.

Resembling dark waves on a gigantic sea, sharp ridges undulated across the land. They rose to prominence at Blue Mountain before being absorbed into Prescott National Forest. Lava-capped mesas with pink and white ash exposed on their flanks indicated this was volcanic country. It was also the valley of

Burro Creek and primeval Arizona desert at its best.

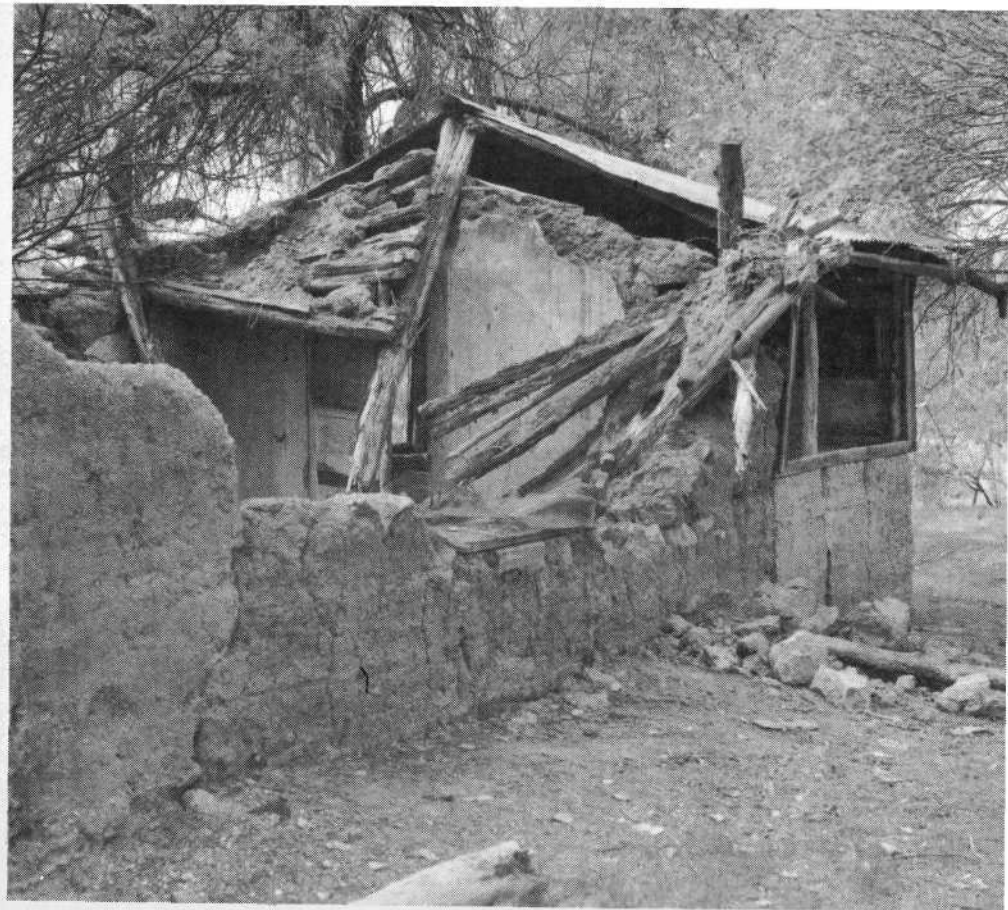
More or less encircled below us was an open area stretching southeasterly to Burro Creek. "This region is known as Hailey's Pasture," Bob told us. "It has safely hidden many outlaw gangs and horsethieves. Oldtimers tell tales of

Gems in Burro



by MARY FRANCES STRONG

photos by Jerry Strong



treasure left behind by bandits and of lost mines with inch-wide veins of pure gold. This is copper country and quite possibly the veins seen were of copper rather than gold. Nevertheless, there are many facts to substantiate lost treasure in this region."

Hailey's Pasture has remained largely unexplored by treasure hunters due to its inaccessibility. Roads only skirt the edges of the "pasture" so horseback or shank's mare is required to do any exploring. "This country fools you," Bob remarked. "What looks like low ridges to climb are often very steep hills and mileage estimates are deceiving. It is rugged hiking and separates the men from the boys."

We had come to Burro Creek primarily to see the extensive pastelite deposits of interest to rockhounds but already were caught up in the spell of this lonely, lovely, desert land. We were fortunate to have as our guide Bob Fuqua, of Wikieup, Arizona. In addition to owning numerous claims in the area, Bob is a gem

miner, does lapidary work and is deeply interested in the history of the region.

Our route had led along the crest of steep hills, through forests of pinyon pines, ironwood trees and stately saguaros. There had been welcome fall rains and wild gardens of great basin sage, ocotillo, creosote bushes and yucca were full and green. Though it was mid-November, a winter spring had awakened the land.

We paused briefly as Kaiser Springs Wash and Bob pointed out "Garnet Hill." This spessartite garnet area was written up by Randall Henderson, *Desert's* founder, in the November, 1941 issue. "Some good specimens can still be obtained," Bob told us, "but the rough hike has discouraged all but dedicated mineral collectors."

When we rolled to a stop at the pastelite area, the overcast sky had darkened considerably. "Rain we don't need," Bob warned, "as this is a bad place to be during a storm." We had parked in a pass between white hills and upon step-

ping out, quickly discovered the entire area was covered with "pastelite."

Unless it has recently come about, "pastelite" is not an approved name for cutting material. However, among collectors, the name is popularly used to describe one of the many sub-varieties of quartz family minerals. Pastelite generally contains a combination of chert, common opal, jasper and agate in muted shades of color. Deposition is usually from silica-bearing solutions with colors dependent upon slight absorption of mineral contaminants picked up along the way.

The amount of material exposed at this location was amazing. As to color or pattern, you name it and you probably can find it. My favorite specimens were warty, nodular chunks of frosty agate containing brecciated inclusions of salmon or red color; and mottled pink and white in a "crazy quilt" pattern. The best material is found away from the main road; though good material is constantly eroding to the surface. Bob ex-

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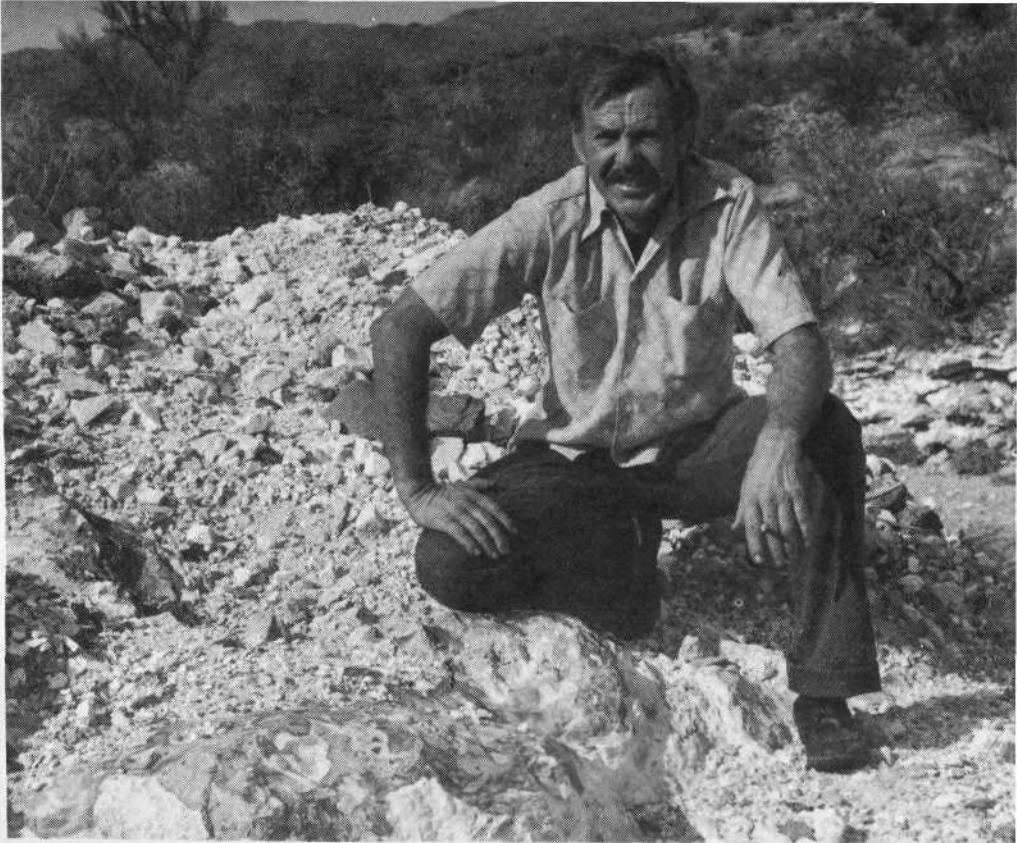
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Bob Fuqua generously allows collecting [free] at his brecciated jasper claim. In place beneath him is a colorful seam of good quality material.

plained that the deposit is approximately a half-mile wide and outcrops over a distance of seven miles. "It is a collecting area that should never run out of material," he concluded.

As in any deposit, Burro Creek pastelite is not all top quality, gem grade. A great deal is vuggy. Often large vuggy specimens have a "gemmy core"—only the saw will tell! There are all kinds of small, good quality chunks from which to cut cabochons. You will find their colors and patterns intriguing. The problem here is how to quit collecting!

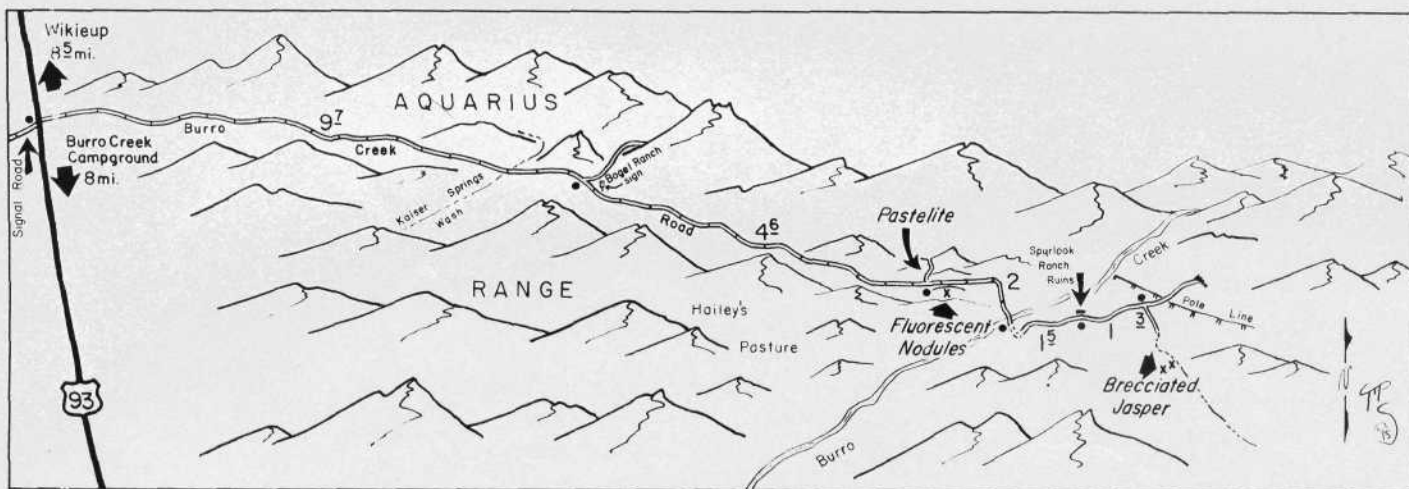
Just over a tenth-of-a-mile beyond the pastelite area, the road goes through a narrow canyon. On the right-hand side, above the road cut, is a deposit of agate nodules (locally referred to as "pastelite nodules"). Their interiors resemble grey-blue Brazilian agates and many contain black, fern-like dendrites. As an added bonus, both the pastelite and nodules fluoresce an apple-green color.

Under Bob's guidance we continued traveling southeasterly. In less than two miles we reached Burro Creek. What a beautiful sight. Running strong, clear, 18-inches deep and about three cars wide, it looked like a river to we Mojave Desert dwellers! Along this particular stretch, the creek meanders through a

small valley and trees line its course. Recent rains had carpeted the land with grass. It was hard to realize this verdant valley was part of Arizona's desert country.

"There is a fine swimming hole a short distance downstream where the creek has been dammed," Bob commented. "When working my claims in summer, I always jump in for a cooling swim before going home." He also advised us to "watch out for the sandy area" after crossing the creek. The fording was quickly accomplished and the sand easily negotiated. Stock cars could have some problems and care should be exercised at this point. It is a short stretch of deep sand which has been deposited by heavy runoff.

We stopped for lunch at the ruins of the Spurlock Ranch (see map). Built during the Civil War, the old sod building is now canopied by trees. "Oldtimers tell me the original owner built the house for his mail-order bride," Bob commented. "However, she didn't like living out here and ran away at every opportunity. Her husband finally was forced to chain her to the bed whenever he had to be away. Eventually, she learned to accept things and lived quite happily. At least that is the story they tell around here,"



he concluded.

Our next stop was at Bob's brecciated jasper claim. We drove a short distance up the wash, then hiked a few hundred yards to the deposit. The outcrop is massive and exposed in, as well as on the right-hand side of the wash. It is very colorful material—clear, yellow, rust and warm brown. Quality is good but hard-rock mining is required to obtain it.

Bob had saved the *piece de resistance* until last—his "purple agate" claim. He pointed out the two main outcrops which have been exposed in a wash cut canyon. One deposit he works and the other is open to rockhounds. Digging is necessary. The degree of color varies according to location—from almost white to deep purple. Naturally, the latter color is the most sought after.

As we walked around Bob handed me a small specimen. It was of an incredible purple color. This intriguing material has been identified as "dumortierite quartz." While the fellows talked, I scrambled around Bob's dump. A nice chunk to slab—I had to have! Before we left, a dandy five-pound specimen and

several other goodies were in my rock sack. I was delighted!

Bob charges a reasonable fee to collect at his purple agate claim. I have not shown its location on the map because this claim contributes to the support of his family. Bob also acts as a guide to the many collecting locales in Burro Creek country, including his claims. Arrangements can be made by writing to: Bob Fuqua, Box 935, Wikieup, Arizona 85360. The pastelite and brecciated jasper locales are open for collecting—free.

As mentioned earlier, trailers can be taken as far as Burro Creek Crossing. Camp can be made at the pastelite area. There is also an open camping area along Burro Creek Road about a quarter of a mile from Highway 93.

We parked our trailer at B.L.M.'s Burro Creek Campground, eight miles south of Burro Creek Road. It is a dandy site with a beautiful view. Burro Creek has cut quite a gorge and Highway 93 crosses it on a long bridge, far above the campground. This is a popular camp used regularly by winter vacationers,

overnighters and rockcollectors. It was nearly full every night when we were there in mid-November. Most units have a sun-shade, table and stove. Water and sanitary facilities are provided. It is a quiet location and great for "bird watching."

The sun was almost behind the western hills as we bid Bob goodbye after four-wheeling out of his claim. It had been a long and enjoyable day. Enroute to the highway, we stopped for a coffee break on a ridge just west of the Bogle Ranch Road. The overcast which had plagued us all day was breaking up and a flaming sunset spread across the sky. As Jerry put the thermos away a specimen caught his eye. It turned out to be a fist-sized chunk of agate with wavy, salmon-colored bands—a beauty! Just as Bob told us, "you can find cutting material almost anywhere in this country."

A first trip into this corner of Arizona will only whet your appetite. You will want to return again and again to explore what is still primeval desert—uninhabited, uncrowded, unspoiled. If you do so, your rewards will be infinite. □

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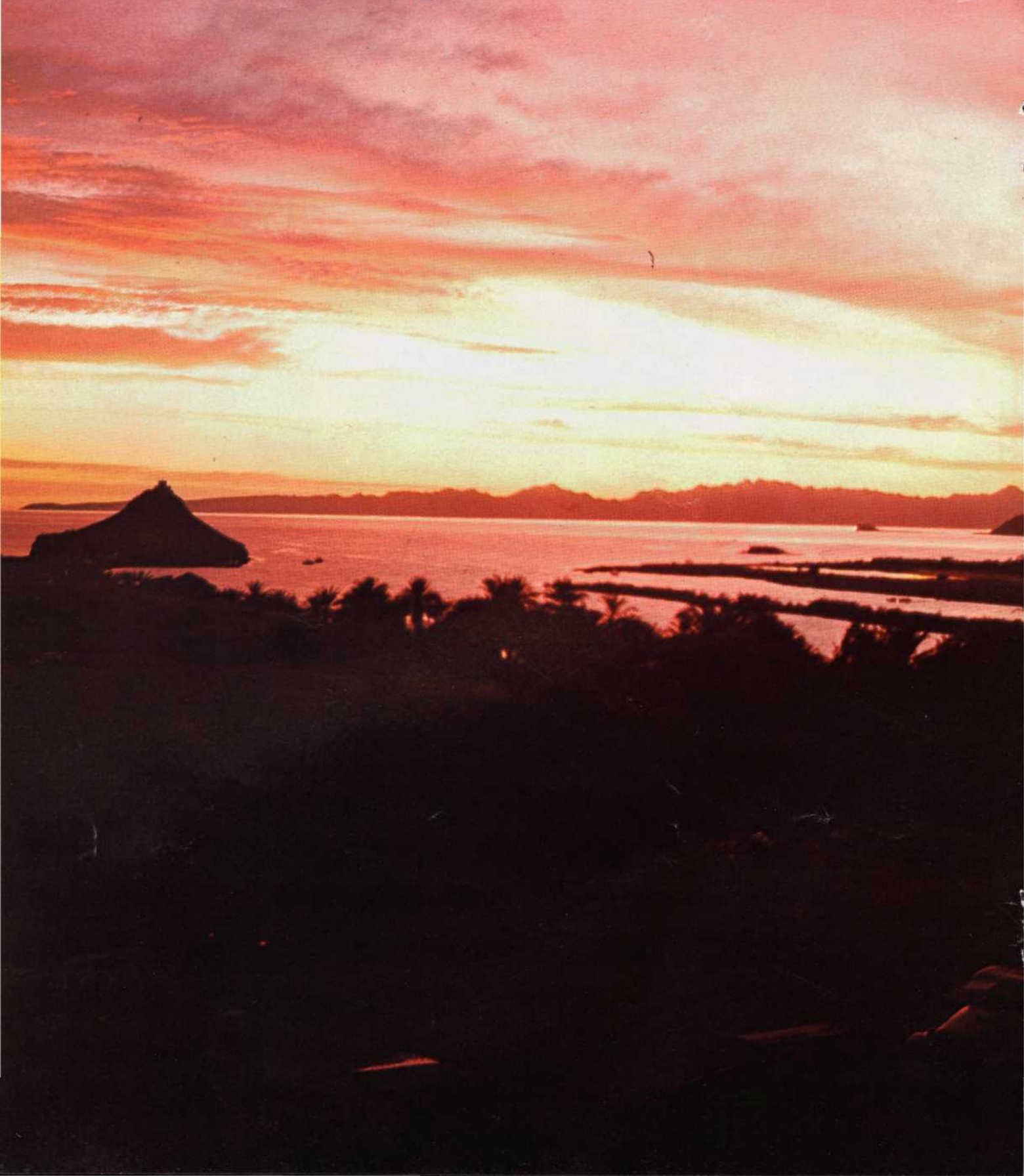
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An Angel and The



Golo Valley Gold

by CHORAL PEPPER

Mulege, Baja California
at sunset.
Photo by Author.

NELLIE CASHMAN was called the Angel of Tombstone because of a long list of good deeds. One that earned her reward in a Mexican priest's heaven, however, condemned her to hell in the oaths of her friends. She had betrayed them with a secret that she kept until the day she died.

Generously built and with a pert Irish face, Nellie was a tavern keeper in Tombstone, Arizona. Whatever she earned in the rough, tough town, she shared with those who were down on their luck. So it was quite in character that she refused a handful of gold proffered one day by an itinerant Mexican miner in payment for a beer and a meal.

Unable to speak English, the miner had dumped the nuggets on the bar and pushed them toward her. Quickly Nellie scooped them up, praising the Lord that the tavern was momentarily empty, and warned him to keep them out of sight. "I'd rather know where they came from and stake a claim myself," she laughed.

Although her Spanish consisted of a jargon of colloquialisms, the Mexican got the point. "They came from a dry stream bed near Santa Rosalia," he confided. She failed to comprehend the remainder of his directions, except for the fact that it was some place in Baja California.

Nellie had been around for a long time. In spite of her reputation for generosity, she was no sucker. She knew all about old codgers who came seeking grubstakes on the premise of a few nuggets of gold confiscated from a former owner, then, with money in hand, disappeared forever. So she stood the Mexican for his refreshment and wished him *vaya con Dios*, fully expecting him to return later to make his pitch for the grubstake.

When a few days had passed and he failed to reappear, Nellie began to reconsider. She discussed the incident with her good friend, Mark A. Smith, who later was to become senator of Arizona. Soon word had spread among other

prominent citizens. That the Mexican was not looking for a grubstake, a hand-out, nor trying to sell something convinced them all that he had leveled with Nellie.

Barely a month had passed before the Angel of Tombstone and Mark Smith were leading an expedition from Tombstone by horseback to Guaymas, from whence they would catch a fishing boat to Santa Rosalia on the Baja California side of the Gulf of California.

At the same time, others, too, were focussed on Baja. President Garfield was rumored to be scheming to purchase Lower California for the United States. The territorial governor of Arizona, J. C. Fremont, was lobbying to obtain Lower California as an asylum for warlike Apache Indians. American vessels were cruising the Lower California peninsular coast with a proprietary look and U. S. newspapers were prophesying an early acquisition.

Mexico, on the other hand, was less than eager to impart more territory to her powerful northern neighbor. To discourage undue enthusiasm among U. S. sympathizers, government officials were quietly interposing a buffer by suggesting to the French Rothschilds that there was a nice little spot in Lower California in which to invest some French capital.

The spot was Santa Rosalia. The promising aspect was a deposit of boleite, a rare mineral associated with copper. The ploy worked. Within a few years, a first class mining town had sprung up, complete with company store, electric plant, water system and two residential areas, financed by the Rothschilds.

When Nellie Cashman and her entourage arrived in 1822, however, Rothschild was still in the process of negotiating the property from Moeller and Company of Guaymas who held copper rights to the land. Santa Rosalia then consisted of nothing more than a rancheria and an insignificant fishing camp on a natural harbor conveniently located for fishing



Pictured here is the Tombstone Epitaph building in Tombstone, Arizona where the search for the Golo Valley gold began to unfold.

boats crossing over from Guaymas.

Nellie and party arrived by fishing boat and did very much as new arrivals on the Santa Rosalia-Guaymas ferry do today. They continued directly on to Mulege, some 50 miles south, where more comfortable accommodations were available.

Mulege is a pretty, old mission town located on the bank of a river that dumps into the Gulf of California at the edge of town. With the addition of a few pleasant modern hotels and the new highway bridge, it differs little now from when Nellie arrived to charm its natives into revealing the source of their local gold. And Nellie had no more success than a visitor would have today. The friendly natives responded with innocent shrugs, with one exception. He was the storekeeper from whom they had purchased considerable supplies. Having heard rumors concerning the French connection from a mule driver, the unsophisticated storekeeper associated the Arizona party with the Rothschild enterprise and suggested that Nellie query the rancher in Santa Rosalia from whom they had obtained their mules.

Back along the well-worn mission trail they rode, discussing the pros and cons of conning the Mexicans out of their

gold. Smith, the politician, suggested that if they were more discreet about their real purpose in being there, they might learn more.

Upon arriving back at Santa Rosalia, the Arizonians were greeted hospitably and invited to set up camp on the ranch. During their stay, the men fished while Nellie cultivated the ladies. It didn't take her long to detect that the rancheria appeared relatively prosperous, considering its meager means for accumulating income. When at last she felt secure in their trust, she asked point-blank from where they received the means to live as well as they did.

"Ah, Senorita, the good padre Pedro sees to that," one of them assured her.

"The padre?" Nellie persisted, aware that there was no church or mission at Santa Rosalia.

"He attends to the chapel at Golo Valley, but we are in his parish. He visits us here each year on special holidays."

Nellie imparted this news to the men so they, in turn, could subtly seek more information about Golo Valley. What they learned was that it lay about 27 miles inland and consisted of a rancheria. Springs in a nearby mountain fed a stream at certain times of the year and there were huge granite potholes that

provided storage basins for water that fell during the rare rains. Except for that, it was as arid as the rest of Baja.

At sunup on the following morning, the Arizona party set forth on foot carrying packs with supplies for three days. A guide was unnecessary, they assured the Mexicans, as they only wanted to explore the surrounding land. They would carefully mark their trail to direct them back to Santa Rosalia.

Old trails never fade away on the desert. The firm, straight one that carried them inland from Santa Rosalia eventually was joined by another similarly well-worn, but forking off at an oblique angle. After some debate, they followed it to an abandoned settlement marked by piles of rocks and the remains of an ancient tombstone tipped from its base by some mysterious holocaust. Before they had retraced their steps back to the fork, the sun had sunk behind the mountains and they were forced to make camp.

On the following day, the original trail branched off in three more directions. The one they chose soon forked again and when night fell, that one forked into further confusion. Supplies were running low. On the third day, they began to ration water.

The fourth day started out as a grim

repeat. Exhausted and dehydrated, the men opted to turn back. While they argued, Nellie silently reviewed the myriad trails over which they had passed. Contrary to their promise, they had not marked the trails in order to conceal their planned destination.

Convinced that they were hopelessly lost, Nellie finally persuaded the men to remain where they were while she took the small amount of water in her canteen and searched alone for Golo Valley. If the men conserved their strength by remaining inactive, their water allotment would keep them alive. She felt certain that she could return with help the following day.

Conjuring up the luck of the Irish, Nellie came upon a dry streambed by late afternoon. Onward she struggled, close to its banks, hoping for signs of a settlement. Exhaustion had almost overcome her when a distant cluster of date palms silhouetted against the sky indicated water. With a last spurt of strength, she hurried to the oasis and threw herself upon the rocks of the shallow stream to suck up its water.

In spite of the desperation that brought her there, the prospect of gold among the channel's pebbles didn't elude her. While she dug a hole in which to fill her empty canteen, she picked through tiny pebbles pocketed in rocky cavities on the floor of the stream. Two gold nuggets lay among them. Excitedly, she scrambled for more when she sensed the presence of a spectator. She looked up. Towering above the stream stood a robed priest.

"You must be tired, Senorita. Come with me to the shelter of the rancharia." Without asking why she had come so far, he led her to a shady ramada amid the date palms and asked a Mexican lady to quickly prepare food.

"You are Father Pedro?" Nellie asked. When he nodded, she told him that she had heard of him in Santa Rosalia and went on to describe the plight of her party.

After a hearty meal of fragrant stew flavored with boiled jerky and accompanied by a pile of warm tortillas, the priest departed, insisting that Nellie get some rest.

Immediately Nellie excused herself from the ladies and crept by the light of the moon back to the stream bed. She had just begun to scramble for more gold

when, again, she was interrupted by the priest.

This time he told her that he had guessed the motive for her visit. He then recounted the hardships of the land in which his people lived.

Padre Pedro never had heard of the Angel of Tombstone, but he certainly recognized one when he saw one. After eloquently describing the consequences if hoards of prospectors charged in to remove the only source of livelihood available to the native population, he implored Nellie to keep secret the gold source by which he supported his parish.

The next morning the priest dispatched a guide with supplies and mules to accompany Nellie back to rescue her friends. As they parted, she kissed his hands and promised that his secret would be safe with her.

In spite of the ridicule that greeted the bedraggled party when they returned empty-handed to Tombstone, she kept her word. It wasn't until 1920 on her deathbed in an Alaskan mining camp that Nellie Cashman confided the secret to a friend.

In the meantime, Santa Rosalia had become a thriving mining community controlled by French interests. The bolete vein which gave impetus to the community turned out to be a mere pocket instead of a deposit, but the copper was of high grade and supported the community of over 10,000 persons for half-a-century.

In the 1950s, the French sold out to the Mexican government. Now, with the new Baja California highway passing through town and a ferry crossing daily from Guaymas, traffic has increased, but Santa Rosalia is not considered a tourist attraction. Instead, visitors hurry on to nearby hotels in Mulege and San Ignacio. Santa Rosalia is located midway between the two charming old mission towns.

Golo Valley has disappeared from all maps if, indeed, it ever was mapped. The springs that fed the rancharias are dried up. It is only when you fly low over the desert that vestiges of former occupation, like the topsy-turvy tombstone seen by Nellie's party, become visible. The Padre's gold, however, less obvious than the confusing mission trails that still vividly scar the desert, remains hidden among sun-baked pebbles in a dry stream bed. □

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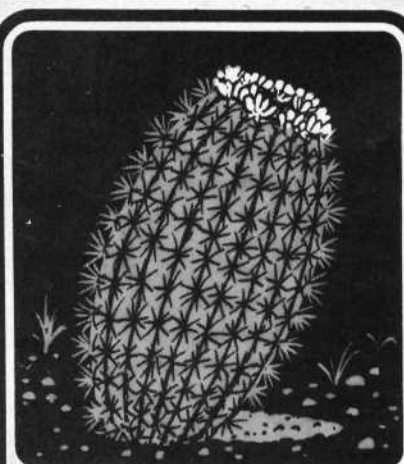
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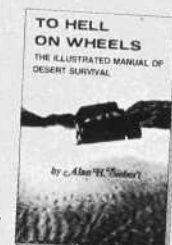


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Pacific Islands of Baja Norte

by BETTY MACKINTOSH



FROM THE Islas de Coronado, 13 miles southward from San Diego, to Isla Cedros, offshore from "The Hook" half way down the coast of Baja California, Mexico's Pacific islands are pretty much deserts surrounded by sea-shore. The Coronados, her northernmost, are rocky, barren islands even though they receive about the same annual rainfall as San Diego (10 inches). Their first recorded name, given by Cabrillo, was "Las Islas Desiertas." San Martin, a hundred miles southward, gets only five inches, the south end of Cedros at the weather station, three and one-half inches, and the lower elevations of oceanic Guadalupe Island, five inches. Not enchanted islands — but all tremendously interesting because of their sea birds and animals.

You don't have to own a boat to visit them. Week-long lagoon and island trips at the time of the migration of the California gray whales are sponsored by natural history societies, zoos, universities and independent travel companies. Experts in the fields of sea mammals, plants, birds, geology or another of the natural sciences give scheduled lectures and lead shore trips. We went on a Los

Angeles Museum Alliance trip, on a luxury sportfisher, the Qualifier 105, and here is my log.

Feb. 16 — Left Fisherman's Landing (San Diego) at 4:30 p.m. The bay was fairly rough and as we approached open water, whitecaps topped the ocean swells as far as we could see. Our engines revved up as we passed the outer buoys. The bell-ringer tipped to a 45-degree angle in our wake.

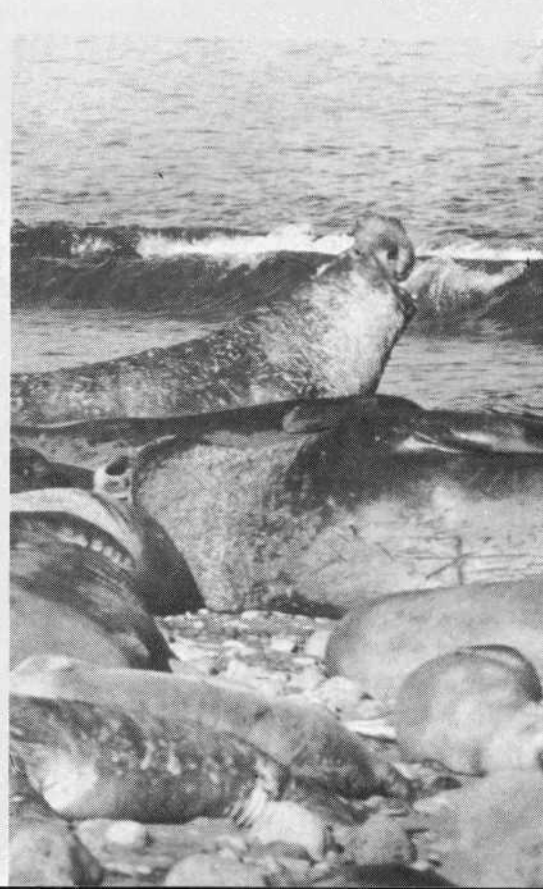
"Thar she blows," the captain called from the bridge above. It was a solitary California gray whale going north. One more blow, the arched back, the flip of the tail flukes and we had passed each other. Dr. Raymond Gilmore, our sea mammal expert (one of the best), estimated that the whale was traveling at three or four knots. We were going almost south at 13 knots.

Just before suppertime we watched a fiery red sun disappear into the ocean, and at the same time, portside, a full moon came up over the largest of the Coronados.

After dinner, in the dining room-lounge, Dr. Gilmore told us about Guadalupe Island, where we will spend the day tomorrow. An ancient volcano, Isla Guadalupe is 20 miles long, north-south, and two to six miles wide. Its highest peak is 4,257 feet. It rises up out of the ocean depths 144 miles westerly of the nearest Baja point and is Mexico's farthest west possession. A radio and

weather station at the south end of the island, and a lobster fishing camp on the west side are the only permanent settlements. The island is a Mexican federal preserve for the once nearly-annihilated elephant seal and the Guadalupe fur seal. Both have recovered here.

Feb. 17 — 222 nautical miles southwestward from San Diego. Blue sky and sunshine. Calm sea. Isla Guadalupe came into sight about 10:30 a.m., a dim



gray silhouette at first, clearing as we approached. Small clouds drifted over its crest through a few struggling pines. We cruised along the east side of the island only about 100 years out from the vertical rock shoreline.

"Fur seals," called one of the crew, "on the broken rocks at the foot of the cliff." Engines stopped, but we had already disturbed them. Quite a few slid off into the water. They were exactly the same color as the rocks. The ones that held their ground raised themselves up on their handquarters to look at us. Their heads are round, their noses very pointed with lots of whiskers. Pups are silvery. They live in small groups like this in the very rough rocky parts of the shoreline more or less hidden from prying humans, but are thought to number close to 500 now on Isla Guadalupe.

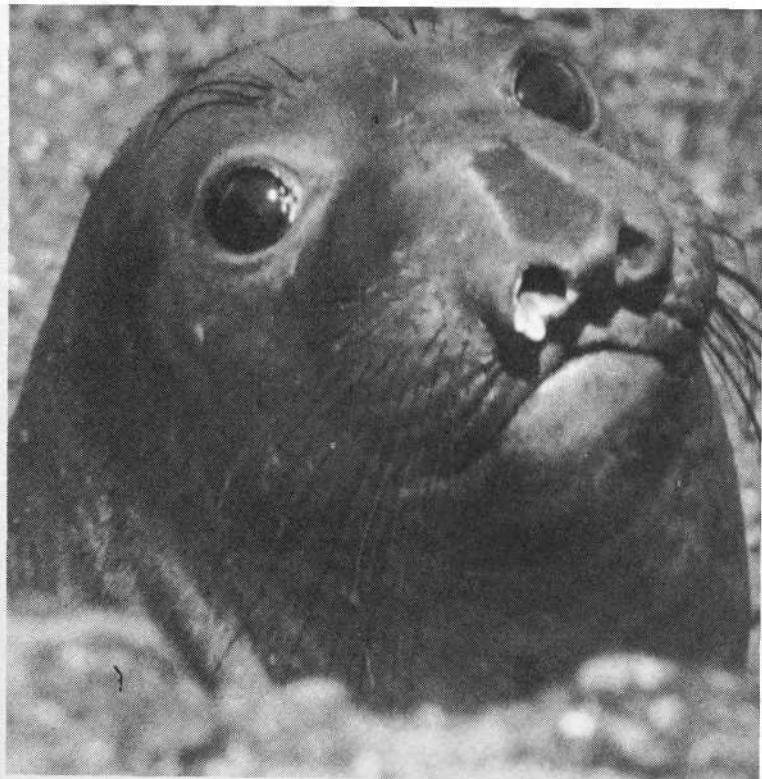
By noon we had returned northward to Barracks Beach, or Northwest Anchorage, where the anchor chain rumbled out. On the gravelly beach at the foot of a beautiful straight-up slice of brown and orange striped volcanic rock, at least a hundred elephant seals slept and sunned themselves. Their tan bodies, much larger than other seals, jumbled together like gunny sacks of sand dumped helter skelter. An occasional "Tonk — Tonk — Tonk" of a male carried across the water to the boat.

After lunch we all went ashore. Brief-

*Opposite Page:
Killer Whale,
San Benito
Islands.*

*Right: Elephant seal
pup, born black,
becomes tweedy tan
when baby hair
is replaced.*

*Below: Challenging
male elephant seals
at water's edge
fail to rouse the
sleeping harem on
the beach:
large male with an
"X" scar on his
back, seven females
and seven or eight
pups. Isla
Guadalupe.*



ing: "If you want to get close to the elephant seals, keep yourself low on the ground. They will take you for one of their own kind. Don't, in any case, get between two bulls, or between a bull and his harem, or between a bull and the water." (His escape route.)

Some came into the water to meet the small boats as if they wanted to help us up onto dry land. Most of them paid us no attention. What a noisy bunch! It seemed like babies were squealing, cows mooing, women screaming, dogs barking. Then there was the male challenge.

As they lay on the sand, they used their front flippers like hands to scratch or throw sand over themselves. One bull, surrounded by six females and four pups, was biting the nearest female in the back — probably a love-making gesture — while she pointed her head skyward and howled. A bull without any harem approached from the water. Holding himself erect, he threw his head back and with the end of his somewhat expanded short trunk in his mouth, broadcast his loud challenge — nasal yet metallic — very much like the sound made by one of the Qualifier's crew coming down the metal stairs from the bridge to the deck. The harem made way as Bull No. 1 moved to meet the challenge. They fought at the edge of the water, biting each other's necks until they were bloody. Finally, the challenger backed off, and papa went back to his domain.

Besides the harem groups, there were groups of young — the smallest with soft-looking black curly coats, the larger ones becoming tan like the adults, all with appealing big brown eyes. One young man edged up to them on the ground, put his hand out and petted them. No reaction on their part.

Young and unattached males cruised around on the outskirts. One of these got curious about what I was doing (taking pictures) and believe me, I backed off in a hurry. He was so big coming in my direction, even though he was coming slowly and awkwardly. They are big, the males up to 15 feet long, weighing one to two tons, or even more, the females perhaps 10 feet long and weighing a quarter as much as the males. The females do not have a trunk, only an extended upper lip.

Too quickly the small boats came to take us back to the Qualifier. We had to all be present and accounted for by 5:45 when we were to leave for the San Benitos — three small islands near the coast of Baja California, 300 nautical miles southeasterly from San Diego.

Feb. 18 — Clear sparkling sunrise as we approached Isla San Benito Oeste (West). The small fishing village called Benito perched above high tide line on the shore of a cove protected by rock islets. To the north, the island widened out and sloped symmetrically up to a 661-foot peak. Southeasterly, a small flat peninsula stretched out toward the



equally flat Isla Benito Central. Benito Oriental (East) appeared to have three peaks (we saw another one later) beyond which the gray silhouette of Isla Cedros was visible. We will not visit Cedros on this trip. It is the large island forming the outer barrier of Bahia Viscaïno, off the point of "The Hook."

We anchored a quarter-mile offshore of Benito and had breakfast before getting into our orange life jackets, ready to go ashore.

Right away the sea lions put on a show for us, diving off the rock islets and escorting us for a hundred yards or so — up, over, and under, up over, and under — Dr. Gilmore said the word for it was porpoising. They did this with each boat that passed their rock, disappearing about 30 feet from the beach. We wondered whether they were looking for a reward, like the sea lions in water shows, or whether they were telling us that this was *their* territory.

We spent the morning walking around the northeast shore of the island, up the hill to the lighthouse, and back across to Benito via a mule trail. The first cove beyond the village was catching the current (a warm current flowing north) carrying the red crab. Millions had washed ashore piling the beach in windrows of coral pink. Hundreds of seagulls gorged themselves on the one and one-half inch shrimp-like crab.

Dr. Gilmore told us that the red crab were O.K. for human consumption, but no one took any back to the boat for lunch. The ones left high and dry on the beach by the waves smelled pretty fishy.

In the next cove on a cobblestone beach a family of sea lions slept, their wet coats dark and shiny in the sunlight. Another cove gave shelter to a mother

elephant seal and her black pup. Papa lolled at the edge of the water letting the spent waves wash around him.

On pinnacle rocks large nests of the osprey, looking like the story book pictures of stork nests on European rooftops, were 75 percent occupied, a few of them by seagulls. Areas where the shore birds gathered were white with guano.

Up the hill from the rocky shoreline a few agaves blossomed — their tall-stemmed bright yellow flowers making the only splashes of color. A small fish-hook cactus grew in bunches. Some were in flower — a large flower for the size of the plant — white. Some were in fruit — bright red. Up the hill past the blue and white lighthouse were cholla, not in flower, and a small yellow daisy.

After lunch the wind velocity had increased so much the captain was hesitant about the scheduled small-boat trips along the south shore of Isla Benito Oeste, but it was decided to let two boats go, staying in sight of each other. I was lucky to get to go. Passengers were advised to wear waterproofs. We needed them too, cutting through heavy ground swells which broke against the rocks sending out great masses of white foam. A peregrine falcon circled, a red-billed cormorant searched for fish, a yellow-crowned night heron stood on a tiny rock ledge. Osprey came and went from their nests. We saw a pelican rookery, and caves a hundred feet above the water, with sea lions on the branching trails that led from a few landings to the various shelters.

Dr. Gilmore, in our boat, made the decision that we had gone far enough to see what this side of the island was like, that we would go back, and go into the channel between Isla Oeste and Isla Cen-

tral. The second boat followed.

In the channel, we headed for seagulls flying erratically near the water and soon spotted a shiny, black, high dorsal fin. Killer whale. Large, therefore a male. With a huge splash he struck at something on or near the surface. Gulls dove for their share. As we came to the spot where the whale had been, we picked up a piece of skin, blubber on one side, dark tan hair on the other, with nipples — probably the belly of a sea lion or young elephant seal. We saw two other large killer whales and three smaller ones — females or young males. Dr. Gilmore estimated that there were perhaps eight in this pod.

Back to the Qualifier for a dinner of San Benitos lobster tails — two each with melted butter!

But the day wasn't over yet. We stayed at anchor until 11:00 p.m. The aft lights were left on to attract the auklets, a bird about eight inches long, light breast shading up to almost black, that lives on the water except at nesting time. Like moths they were attracted to the lights, then dropped helpless to the deck. They could be picked up without resistance. Which we did, and released them over the stern where a spot shown on the water. They flew to the water, and seemingly, kept right on flying in it! That's how they swim — with their wings.

We had looked for their nests in burrows on the island, but had not found any, probably because we were a bit early. March would be a more likely time for them to raise their families.

February is the time for whales! That is, the California gray whales. The place, coastal lagoons of Baja California, where, until Captain Scammon discovered how to hunt them in shallow water, they had a safe place to have their calves and to mate. Though their numbers were severely reduced by the whalers of the 1800's, they have persisted in their 6,000-mile journey from the Bering Straits December through February every year, returning January to March.

Feb. 19 — We entered Scammon's Lagoon on the high tide early this morning by permission of the Mexican government, and anchored about a mile inside, near the south shore. Sky and water gray and stormy. Small boats took some of the passengers ashore, came

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Building sand dunes south of Scammon's Lagoon—blowing sand from the beach collects on plants in a salt marsh.

back and were off again on whale-watching trips. At a respectful distance we followed mothers with their calves close beside them, mating pairs making great splashes, watched individuals, even young ones, watching us from sort of a standing-up position called "spying." We listened to their spouting and timed the rhythm of their dives. Picture-taking difficult on account of the poor light, and rain.

Trip ashore in the afternoon was blessed by spots of sunlight on the sand dunes south and west of us. Bright reflections in the shallow water of the marshes. When the sky darkened again the small boats came to get us, and the Qualifier's dining room-lounge seemed a better place to be than the beach.

A brilliant red sunset colored sky and water. After dinner Dr. Gilmore talked to us about the whales — his specialty. We remain anchored for tonight.

Feb. 20 — Light rain. The dunes wet and dark. A few brave souls got a sandwich lunch from "Cook," donned their rain gear, and were ferried ashore, to be called for early afternoon. We hiked on the wet sand westward to the mouth of the lagoon and followed the shore of Bahia Viscaïno toward the famous Malarrima Beach — paradise for beach combers. The latest tides had left thousands of sea dollars — still purple, not white and dry as they are usually found.

The wreck of a sail boat, plastic bottles, light bulbs, and driftwood — no treasures except one person found a glass float like the Japanese use on their fish nets. Seashells, of course.

Because of the stormy seas we left the lagoon early, headed for home. The rain and waves splashed against the windows. Because of the sand bar outside Scammon's Lagoon, we have to parallel the coast and take the swells almost broadside. Good thing we have our sea legs now. We'll stop at Isla San Martin tomorrow and be in San Diego the following morning.

Feb. 21 — Hassler Cove, San Martin Island. Cloudy with light rain and bits of sunshine. Ashore in rain gear again. Not a bit appropriate to desert islands. This

one especially shows a green tinge. On our walk to the next cove west quite a few wildflowers grew on the small flats and in the rough moss-covered lava formations — wild tobacco, tiny blue snap dragon, yellow daisies, white daisies, a lavender mallow, small barrel cactus with pink flower, yellow fiddleneck, two stonecrops, their leaves glistening with raindrops.

Across the cove on the beach we saw still another seal — the Harbor Seal. We'd been told that they were very shy, so only watched them from a distance.

As we left, the Qualifier cruised slowly along the western side of the island. White spray flew high as waves thundered against the volcanic cliffs, and as we left Isla San Martin behind, its perfect cone shape against the cloudy sky stirred images of its past — when it would have been seen topped by a plume of smoke.

Feb. 22 — Awakened at 4:30 a.m. by the cook singing "Goodnight Irene." Otherwise, an unfamiliar quiet. We were not rolling. So we must be home. We were, but we had to wait until eight o'clock to be passed by the U.S. Customs. Navy installations around the harbor were brightly lighted. Up Broadway, the glow of the new buildings, with so many lights, outlined the older ones. The traffic lights blinked for only an occasional car.

Civilization! We hope you'll be a long time coming to the islands and lagoons of Baja California. □

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A Seed Worth Its



Weight In Gold

by
HARRISON DOYLE

EVERYONE KNOWS that more of people are growing nutrition-conscious each year, searching for a kind of Fountain of Youth through nutrition and rational living. Most are confused about the nutritional values of meats, as contrasted with grains, fruits and vegetables.

Questions frequently heard are: "Of all the world's foods, which are the most valuable for human consumption? The most compatible? The most nourishing?"

Eighty-six-year-old Harrison Doyle, of Vista, California, semi-retired engineer-writer-publisher, who has a long-time knowledge of the Mojave Desert, says it is a High Desert plant, the protein-rich Golden Chia, *salvia columbariae*, the ancient Indian energy food that was a staple among the aborigines long before they had corn, or maize. "I believe it to be the most valuable, the most compatible, and the most nourishing food on earth!" Doyle commented emphatically. "We use a little of it only a few times during the month," he added, "and I have more energy and better health over all, consistently, than I had at 50."

"This overlooked and almost forgotten plant was named *salvia columbariae* by George Bentham, the English botanist, in 1835, and its tremendous energy-generating factor documented by Dr. John T. Rothrock, surgeon-botanist of the Wheeler United States Geographical Survey of 1875. In his voluminous report, Dr. Rothrock wrote: 'An Indian, with but a handful of the seeds, can sustain himself on a 24-hour forced march.' Another doctor, Cephus Bard, of Ventura, California, in the 1880's, wrote many articles praising highly both the food and medicinal values of *columbariae*. In 1896, in San Francisco, Mary Elizabeth Parsons, in her *Wildflowers of California*, stated that the seeds were selling on the open market for from six to eight dollars per pound.

"As the Old Ones disappeared,"

EDITOR'S NOTE: IN THESE PERILOUS TIMES WHEN THE FOOD SUPPLY OF THE WORLD IS EXCEEDED BY DEMAND, PERHAPS MORE CONSIDERATION SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THE MERITS OF GOLDEN CHIA. IT IS OUR FERVENT HOPE THAT SOME MAJOR CONCERN WILL GIVE THIS LITTLE SEED A CHANCE TO ENERGIZE THE WORLD.

Doyle added, "this valuable food plant, once cultivated, went wild, and is found chiefly today only around the springs and waterholes of the High Desert areas. Lesser varieties however, grow all over the American Southwest, were even warred over by Indian tribes, but are not quite as potent as the original from the higher elevations."

To do something toward bringing this ancient food back into production and everyday use, Doyle began planting and experimenting with it in Vista, back in the 1950's. Yearly, he puts in, as far as

he knows, the only commercial planting of it in the world. "I hope that it will catch on and take the place it so richly deserves as a staple, high-protein world-distributed food," he said, "and to do my part, I'll gladly furnish small amounts of the seeds to any qualified research or agriculture people who ask for them."

Doyle has never wavered in his belief that Golden Chia is one of the world's great food plants. He says that it is as easy to grow as corn or wheat, and planting and harvesting machinery easily de-



Opposite page is cultivated chia, and above as seen in its wild state.

signed and manufactured. This year he grew a good-sized plot of the High Desert variety, and has more orders for the seeds than he can fill, some requests coming from as far away as Australia and the Persian Gulf. "The plant will grow anywhere," he maintains. "Under cultivation it grows many times larger than it does on the desert, and is much more productive, probably some 30 times so. It responds beautifully to such fertilizers as fish oil emulsion.

From all of the above he believes that it was once a highly cultivated plant. "I've only found one drawback when grown away from the desert. That is, when maturing in rainy areas, the seed buttons must be kept dry. Luckily, in Southern California, by planting in mid-January, the seed buttons begin maturing with the onset of the dry season which begins around mid-April. Only during one year when a little of that 'unusual weather' came along in May did I have to cover the plants, and I did that successfully with some sheets of clear plastic. This same method can be

used successfully in even the heaviest rain areas.

"Only Golden Chia from the higher elevations of both the Mojave and Colorado Deserts, is the genuine and true *salvia columbariae*. Any book on western botany can confirm that, so no one should confuse it with the lower-priced and more plentiful Mexican chia [*salvia Hispanica*] sold today in the health food stores, or distributed by novelty concerns by way of little clay pots.

"While the Mexican Hispana sage seeds have been used for generations south of the Border — and to give it credit, it is a good food and makes a much-used, cooling drink — from reports of those who are familiar with both, and my own experiments, it does not have anywhere near the energy-creating capacity that Golden Chia possesses, and I think I know why. The Mexican chia does not seem to have the strong catalytic action that *columbariae* has on the body's digestive enzymes, especially its beneficial action on the little known trypsin found in the stomach and intestines, an enzyme which helps the body assimilate the compatible proteins — the energy-building proteins. Some raw foods such as a few of the legumes, which contain an anti-trypsin factor, work just the opposite!

"Among other plants called 'chia' in Mexico, are *salvia lanceolata*, *salvia polystacha*, *salvia tiliaefolia*, *hyptis spicata*, and *mesophaerum suavellens*, which latter they call 'chia gordo,' and 'chia Colima.' "

Doyle first learned of the plant as a schoolboy around the turn of the cen-

tury. Interested in long-distance running, he played much among the Mohave Indian boys along the banks of the Colorado River, at Needles. One Indian boy he raced with told him how in the old days the Mohaves went on trading expeditions to the Coast, running most of the 200 miles, carrying only a gourd of water, and subsisting on a handful of chia seeds.

Later, as a teenager, prospecting the deserts for minerals with his father, Harrison gathered the seeds many times, along with Mormon tea (ephedra), to supplement their bacon and beans diet. It was in an age long before the discovery of vitamins, but the old-timers were all aware that any non-poisonous green growing plant or seed could prevent scurvy, which scourge was still prevalent.

Scanning a newspaper article in the 1950's on the benefits of chia to oldsters, Doyle again became interested in the plant. He journeyed out to Randsburg, where he had also lived as a boy (see the August, 1959 issue of *Desert*), to interview Adolph Bulla, an octogenarian, active hardrock miner, who used the seeds regularly to promote the energy he needed to pursue his heavy, underground tasks, and upon whom the news article had centered. Bulla presented him with a packet of the High Desert type seeds, saying that he had had to "hike over 14 miles to get them!"

Upon returning to Vista, Doyle at once planted the seeds, which thrived handsomely that winter, seemingly more or less impervious to the light frosts of that area.

A *Desert Magazine* article (October, 1963) followed, in which Doyle detailed his extensive experiments with the seeds and plants. The response from readers was so great that he followed up with the book, *Golden Chia, Ancient Indian Energy Food*, which has wide-spread acceptance as a library reference book, and by people who want to "grow their own."

When this book appeared in 1973, Doyle was again besieged with requests for seeds, and he began enlarging his plantings. He now has a limited amount of the seeds for sale, "for planting only," he says. "They are still too scarce and costly to use for food purposes, even where so little goes such a long way! A teaspoonful a week in food, or a cup of

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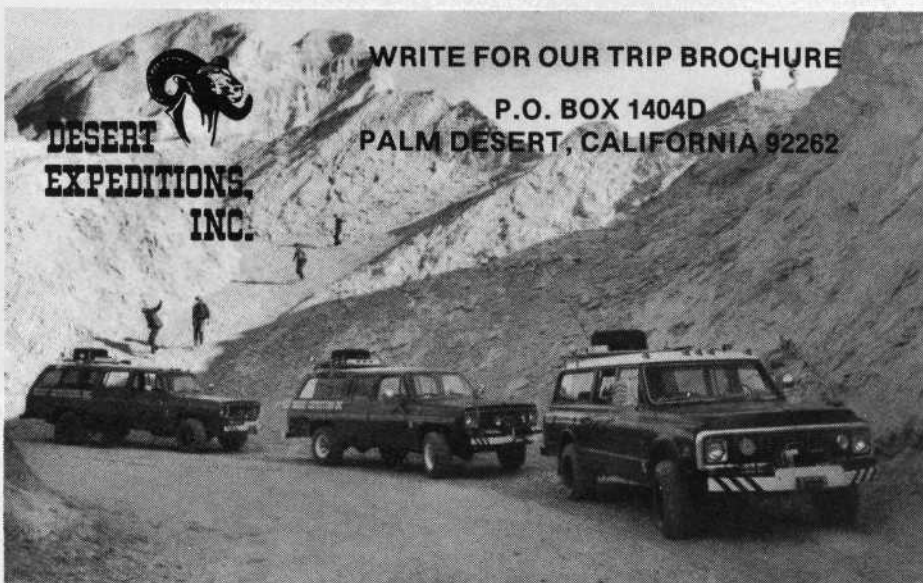


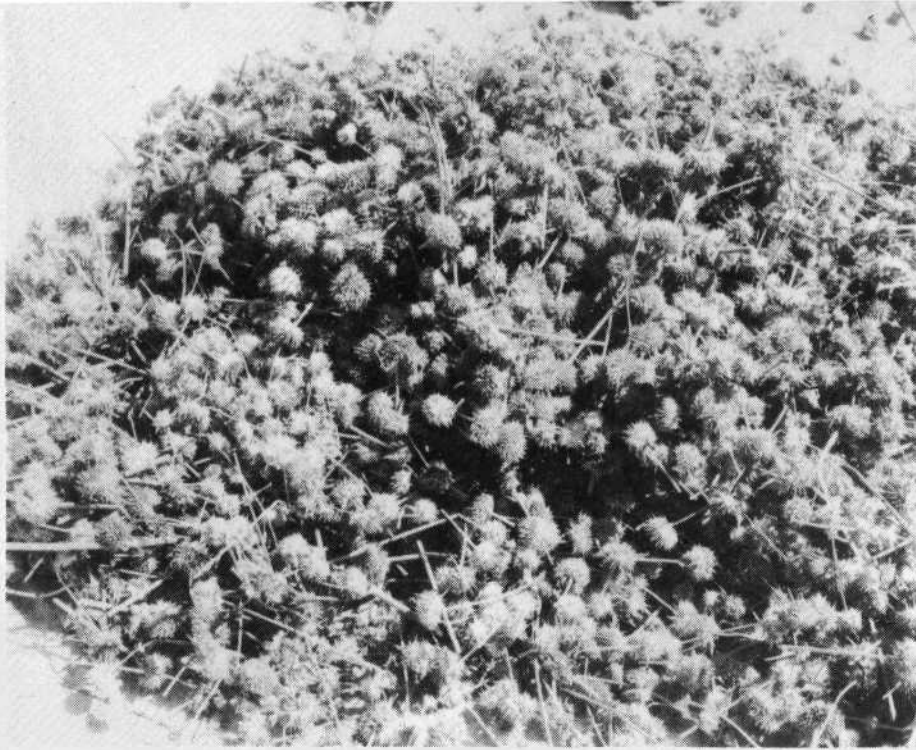
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The dried seed buttons
are harvested in mid-April.

tea brewed from the seed buttons, is ample to keep one's energy levels high, or feeling of well being, present.

"Think what this food would do were it in supply, for the undernourished in India, China, or Africa!" Doyle said. "The seeds are worth their weight in gold!"

Golden Chia took its name from the fact that its seeds are triangular-shaped and colored a golden tan, while those of the Mexican chia are almost black, round as little beans, with a white one here and there. Illustrations in Doyle's book *Golden Chia*, show the great difference between the two plants. Golden Chia's leaves are distinctly of the crowfoot pattern, with wine-colored stems, while *Hispanica's* are close to those of the common sage. Golden Chia has from one to four seed buttons on a bare, square-stemmed stalk averaging, when domesticated, some 30 inches in height, while *Hispanica* blossoms and leaves out all along the stem like its other close relative, the purple sage. Both have purple flowers, are distant cousins, and belong to the mint family [*labiate*].

"It is a boon to the sick and undernourished, and has many medicinal uses," Doyle explained. "It stays down when one is deathly sick, and nothing else will. Its tremendous energy-generating capacity also makes it invaluable for a dozen other reasons — for one, to those with weight problems. Fat and energy just don't go together!"

When using the seeds in foods, Doyle

puts a teaspoonful in a little water to let them soften and jell overnight. In the morning they go into whatever is cooked for breakfast. "They should be cooked," he said. "The Indians generally roasted them. We use them in hotcakes, waffles, mush, biscuits, etc."

As to Golden Chia's thirst-quenching ability, he says, "Make a tea from a half dozen of the seed buttons, with a few of the seeds thrown in, then cool and ice it. Add a little lemon juice and a sprinkle of cinnamon. Sweeten to taste with a bit of brown sugar."

Harrison Doyle, and through his steadfast efforts a lot of others — believes he has something. Golden Chia tea may not be what Ponce de Leon was searching for, but to the sick and undernourished, the long-forgotten seed might just usher in a new, golden era to nutrition! □

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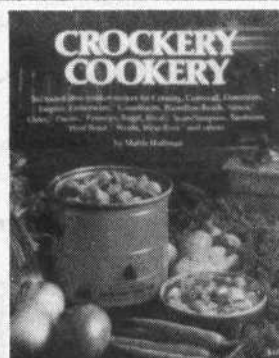
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Moh

by RICHARD TREOLAR

RICH GOLD-ORE was found on California's Soledad Mountain near Mojave over 42 years ago. Tons of earth was moved literally by hand. Mining in the 30's meant back-breaking work with a pick and shovel. However, the space-age gold seekers still use the basic pick and shovel method searching for the golden color on other locations of Soledad Mountain and the Mojave Desert.

George Holmes was one of those men who "struck it rich" on the Soledad Mountain in a mine he called the Silver Queen, and is now known as the Golden Queen. His accidental find unlocked a fantastic story that began in the early 30's, and is still talked about today. A headline story in *The Gold Miner*, (a small newspaper published in Los Angeles during that time) told the beginning, but not the end of the story.

The assay returned to Holmes by the Tropico Mine at Rosamond four miles away was published in that paper and read as follows:

Oct. 13, 1933

Gold, 45.10 oz.

(gold valued at \$20) \$902.50

Silver, 339.40 oz.

(silver valued at 35c) \$118.09

Total per ton \$1,019.09

Holmes reportedly was about to give it up the day he found the assay specimen. On a September morning in 1933, he was chipping away at a large boulder high up in a draw. It was a stubborn rock and hard to break, but he gave it one last slam with his hammer before quitting, and there it was—free gold without a doubt!

Above: Cyanide tanks. Upper left: General office buildings. Left: View of Golden Queen tailing pile and Soledad Mountain.

ave's Desert Queen

He dropped the hammer and clung to the piece of rock as he ran down the hill to his cabin on the desert floor.

Holmes had been one of the leasers since 1929 on Soledad in the vicinity of the Elephant Eagle claim. Apparently he had done well but was not satisfied with his results. He drifted to various mining camps in the Grass Valley-Nevada City area, and even into Arizona.

A bizarre feeling had urged or haunted him to return to the high desert of Mojave and the Soledad Mountain. The story that traveled around several mining camps said that Holmes felt the mountain was leering at him. He could not shake the vision and the attraction of the desert mountain.

Gold was first discovered in the Mojave area in 1894 on the Tropico Mine site about four miles from Soledad. Several bonanza strikes appeared on the mountain. One of the largest at the time was the Queen Ester, within a thousand yards of the not yet discovered Golden Queen.

Gold fever slowly ebbed away as the yellow rock became harder to find on the mountain. In 1922, Alfons DeGrave, who was leasing what is now called The Yellow Dog Mine, discovered he was literally walking on rich ore. He is credited with having brought out over \$90,000 from ore with a gold-silver ratio of two to one, within half a mile from the base of the mountain.

Miners and adventure-seekers re-

turned to the sauce-pan lid-shaped mountain to hunt the glittering rock. Previously abandoned mines were gone over again and new ones sprang up. Desert Queen, The Exposed Treasure, Long Shot, and Last Chance, to name a few, were mines at that time on the mountain.

In the short span of 18 months, Holmes and his two partners had sent over \$200,000 in gold to the smelters. His partners eventually sold Holmes their share of the mine when the diggings got slim, but he, too, became discouraged and decided to sell the Silver Queen.



*Main entrance
to Golden
Queen Mine.*



Mountain is dotted with other "diggins" as well as The Golden Queen.

Headlines in the *Bakersfield Californian* on Jan. 10, 1935 read:

Sold — Silver Queen \$3,200,000."

George Holmes was totally unaware of the magnitude of the transaction he had just completed. To him it was just another mining deal.

The mine was sold to a British concern with W. C. Browning as a Los Angeles representative. On January 16, 1935, Holmes stepped out and the

British concern stepped in. It was they who changed the name to The Golden Queen Mining Company.

The sale of the mine attracted mining companies and noted engineers from all parts of the country, resulting in a small land rush and the purchase of all deserted mines within several miles of the Soledad Mountain.

H.S. Enslow, then president of the Golden Queen Mining Company, and W.C. Browning, manager and consulting engineer, set about hiring people. Tests were made and the plotting of a location to construct a 350-ton mill to process gold and silver from the raw ore progressed.

Timbers for the mine were hauled by rail from Bakersfield, 62 miles away, and trucked the last two miles from the rail siding. Railroad refrigerator cars were purchased and converted into living quarters for men with families. Located half a mile from the mine, this became known as "Refer City."

A year later the British concern was ready for operation. Huge cyanide tanks, glistening in the desert sun near the base of Soledad, made other mine operations appear small.

The mill was said to be the most modern mining mill during the 30's. The fine grinding and cyanidation was of the Merrill-Crow process. By 1938 the production was increased to 600 tons; that is, 600 tons of ore processed in 24 hours.

More than eight miles of underground

tunnels were drilled, picked, and shoveled by the 228 men employed in two shifts inside the mine. Work was hampered by inside temperatures ranging from 30 to 50 degrees, even though the sun scorched the desert sand in the summer at 115 degrees plus.

Miners worked for about \$4.75 a day in 1936. A long-time resident of Mojave reported it was the rule rather than the exception that a few miners would carry out gold in their boots. Gold dust was used in exchange for goods, ranging from a meal to a drink with the local girls. On Saturday nights the small town of Mojave "really came alive," reported one resident.

The gold bullion was shipped by rail from Mojave to the Selby smelters near Oakland, some 340 miles distant. When the mines were ordered closed by the federal government at the start of World War II, the Golden Queen had already produced over \$7,000,000 in gold and silver.

Sonic booms from jets above, as well as recent earthquakes, have loosened the timbers in the mine to a dangerous state. Any entrance to the mine would be foolhardy.

The Queen is private property and any questions regarding the mine should be directed to the caretaker on the property or one of the owners.

Rats, or an occasional slithery creature and other denizens of the desert have exclusive residency of the mine area today. The wind may play tricks on the human ear as it sends a loose cable scraping against a cyanide tank, or a piece of tin roofing flapping on a rotting wooden frame.

As you enter Mojave from Bakersfield, Barstow or Bishop, the tailings can be seen on the northwest slope of Soledad Mountain. Rising 1,250 feet above the desert floor, the peak towers 4,183 feet above sea level. The salmon-pink tailings pile from the Golden Queen can be seen from several miles away, a silent reminder of the early mining days in the Mojave area.

Recently, rumors of the owners considering open pit mining at the Golden Queen Mine were running unbridled in the desert town of Mojave. However, owner Freda L. Schultz said the rumors were just that; rumors! There are no plans to open pit the Golden Queen on Soledad Mountain. □

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Desert Plant Life

by JIM CORNETT

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A SUMMER thunderstorm sends a sheet flood racing across an alluvial fan. As the water rushes over the soil a seed is picked up and carried abrasively to a point several hundred yards from where it lay. Wedged against a large rock the seed is slowly covered with silt as the action of the flood continues. The seed is that of the Smoke Tree and within several days the tiny seedlings may sprout, giving forth one of the most interesting of desert plants.

Born often through violence, such as a summer flood, the Smoke Tree faces similar perils throughout its short life. Growing as they do in dry washes this member of the Pea Family always faces the possibility of being uprooted by rushing water. Occasionally one sees these trees lying prostrate on the sandy soil, a victim of a recent storm and resultant flooding. But what ends in violence may also begin with violence as the huge quantities of water which uproot some adult plants are sure to adequately moisten scores of new seeds which in time will develop into mature trees.

The Smoke Tree, *Dalea spinosa*, has no economic offering to mankind. However, it does have a certain aesthetic

appeal. Its beautiful violet-blue flowers yield a picturesque scene against gray desert mountains—an unforgettable sight to those who venture out in late spring and early summer. That is the time of year when this perennial blooms

Low desert valleys in both the Mojave and Sonoran Deserts harbor this tree in abundance, often being the only plant found in wash areas. They are somewhat intolerant of frost although larger plants have been known to withstand severe winters with temperatures well below freezing. They are at their best at elevations below 2,000 feet where a few individuals may reach heights in excess of 20 feet.

The common name "Smoke Tree" comes from its resemblance to a puff of smoke when viewed from a distance. The gray-green and light blue stems grow upward in clusters making the name association seem real.

Campers often use the wood of this shrub (which it often is) for their fires, a practice that should perhaps be discouraged. Decaying plant material offers both hiding places for animals and organic material to the soil. Fire can remove many of these features. □

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Above:
"De Anza"
 reviews the
 soldiers going on
 his expedition at
 Tubac before the
 expedition's
 departure.

**Left: Fathers
 Eixarch, Garces
 and Font,
 Franciscans who
 started with the
 Anza Expedition,
 prepare to leave
 Tumacacori
 Mission for
 Tubac,
 October 22,
 1975, in the
 Bicentennial
 re-enactment of
 the expedition.
 Left to right:
 Eixarch,
 portrayed by
 Cornelius J.
 Waldo, O. S. B;
 Garces, Kieran
 McCarty, O. F.
 M; Font, Rev.
 Francis J. Fox,
 S. J.**

TWO HUNDRED YEARS ago, in one of the most remarkable episodes of Southwestern history, Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza led 240 men, women and children across 1500 miles of unmapped desert and wilderness—from Sonora to Alta California—to found the city of San Francisco.

This year and next, the International Anza Bicentennial Committee, the Arizona Bicentennial Commission and the Arizona Historical Society are recreating the trek as part of our National Bicentennial celebrations.

The detailed re-enactment of the expedition began at Horcasitas, Sonora, on September 29, 1975—200 years to the day that Anza started from that pueblo. Religious ceremonies and the departure of Fathers Font, Garces and Eixarch were repeated at Tumacacori Mission on October 22, with Mass and military drills held at Tubac (Anza's presidio) on the same day. The next day, all the members of the expedition were gathered together for the first time for the departure from Tubac. Re-enactments were scheduled for San Xavier del Bac, Tucson and Casa Grande, each on the dates Anza originally reached those places.

Then, most interesting of the events announced thus far for Anza's 1975-76 Expedition, will be the crossing of the Colorado River at Yuma—by all 240 members of the cavalcade—on November 30, 1975, at 3:00 p.m.

When the Viceroy of Mexico, Antonio Bucareli, determined to establish a colony on the Bay of San Francisco, Anza was the obvious choice to lead the expedition. He had just returned from a first exploration of that route, on which he successfully reached Monterey after 73 days of hard travel.

Anza was frontier born and the son and grandson of Spanish frontier commanders. He had become a soldier at 16, a lieutenant at 18, commander of the presidio at Tubac at 23. He

ANZA RIDES AGAIN

by HAROLD WEIGHT

was 39 when the expedition started. He was a natural leader, but this was no march of hardened soldiers. It was a moving mass of men, women, children, animals, household goods, and supplies. Even among the 39 soldiers, 20 were raw recruits destined for service at Monterey, more interested in the welfare of their families than in soldiering. Pedro Font, the priest assigned to the expedition wrote that, during the march, most of them carried one little child, some two or three at a time.

When the great cavalcade set out from Tubac, October 23, 1775, besides the 240 people (almost half of them children) there were 695 horses, mules and burros, and 355 head of cattle. Besides Anza, the leaders were Lieutenant Don Jose Moraga, Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, Don Mariano Vidal, Father Font, and Fathers Francisco Garces and Thomas Eixarch, who were to remain on the Colorado River to work among the Yuma Indians there. Four families of colonists had volunteered, and there were 29 wives of soldiers. There were 115 children at the start—two families had nine each—and 118 when the expedition arrived at San Gabriel. The only death in all that wilderness march was of a woman in giving birth to a son the first night after leaving Tubac.

Each day's march started when the horse herd was brought in and each traveler caught his animals and saddled and loaded them. After Font said Mass and the pack train was ready, Anza ordered all to mount. Four scouts rode out ahead, then came Anza and Font. The main body followed, Moraga behind them with a rear guard. Last came the pack train, cattle, and loose riding stock guarded by their herdsman.

The expedition rode through Tucson village, saw the strange ruin of Casa Grande, crossed the great bend of the Gila, and followed that river to the Colorado, reaching it November 28 and crossing November 30. **Cont. on Page 46**



Above: Juan Bautista de Anza, portrayed by Yjinio Aguirre [right] and Lieut. Jose Joaquin Moraga, portrayed by Sidney B. Brinckerhoff [center] at Tubac ceremonies preceding start of 1975

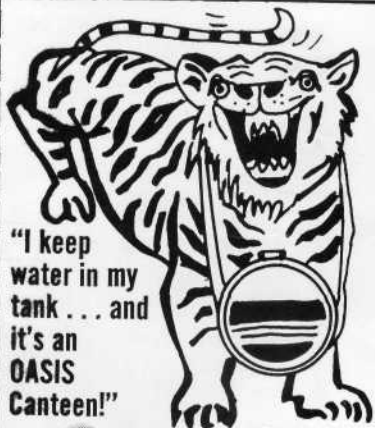
re-enactment of the Anza California Expedition.

Banner at left is the reverse side of the one carried by Father Garces among the Indians. This side shows a soul in torment in hell. The obverse shows the Virgin Mary.

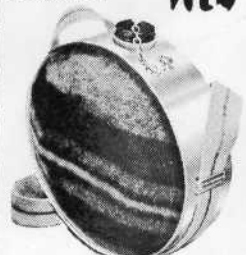
[Garces offered them the choice.

Right: Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, portrayed by Frank Robles, with the banner Garces carried among the Indians. This side shows the Virgin Mary.





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Rambling on Rocks

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GLASS, THE GEM IMITATOR: Sometimes Called Paste

THE OWNERSHIP of extremely valuable gems has evidently always been a cause for worry. This led to the practice of having the gems duplicated in glass which could easily be worn while the real gem reposed safely in a vault.

Even though many people look upon the practice as somewhat foolish (we do also), nevertheless, we can understand the basis for the fear that accompanies the ownership of "priceless" well-known gems.

The practice of making "paste" imitations is very old, with the originator probably unknown. Glass has been used as a gem imitator for a long time, and undoubtedly antedates the use of the term paste. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the term paste came into being when the gem owner disliked the idea of having a glass imitation and accepted the word paste as a lesser evil.

owned paste imitations. All other levels of society simply had glass imitations. Unlike the very wealthy, they often did not know that their "gem" was glass.

The industry of producing fine gems, whatever species, is world-wide, and occupies many people, many of whom have become very wealthy. Surprisingly, the industry of producing fake glass gems is larger, occupies great numbers of people, and has also produced wealthy operators.

Most of those that make glass imitations are honest and do not try to mislead their customers. Many of these are artisans of high caliber and their "gems" sometimes can be valuable. Groups of these are found in many parts of the world. Venetian glass makers are famed the world over. Another group, making glass for use in fashioning gems, are some Italian Monks. These men of religion make their living through the manufacture of what is known as goldstone.

The original goldstone is copper crystals dispersed through clear glass. This material can be fashioned into unique spangled cabochon gems. The popularity of the material led them to produce a second type; evidently the same copper crystals embedded in blue glass. Recently, black and green versions have appeared. The process of making goldstone is secret, but the contents are well known and understood.

Virtually every gem of any value has been imitated with glass. On occasions, we have felt that the effort involved was really greater than the reward. This leads us to believe that the ego urge to imitate has been greater than the monetary gain that usually is the basis.

The period of world monarchy that followed the dark ages, and prevailed up to about 50 years ago, brought fine gems into fashion. Obviously, very, very few could afford fine gems, so great numbers became buyers of glass imitations. The success of the open sale of imitations fostered the offering of these same imitations as real gems.

Many unsuspecting buyers, motivated by greed, have been duped into buying a clever glass imitation. Many family "jewels" have at least a large percentage of glass imitations. We are often saddened by the array of poorly made stones that we are sometimes asked to identify or appraise. Many people have

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looked upon these as a depository of wealth. We must admit, however, that many of these owners have greatly enjoyed this "wealth" that never existed.

We suspect that some of the gems that belonged to royalty and emperors were also glass. The museums of many of the wealthy countries contain fine examples of fine gems, but there are not many of them. Recorded history mentions many gems which have disappeared. We feel it reasonable that their "disappearance" was the result of finding they were glass.

The Roman chronicler Pliny wrote that the Emperor Nero viewed games, races and combats through an emerald. We will admit that there is the possibility that this could have been true, but we strongly doubt it. The size of such an emerald would have to be enormous. It seems very improbable that a piece smaller than one inch in smallest dimension could have been of use to the Emperor. Also, the emerald would have to be flawless, which is also improbable. If we grant that such a stone existed, to be able to view anything through it would necessitate its being polished as a lens or with flat sides. We cannot conceive of such a piece being in this manner, instead of a gem to be worn, even by the "fiddler" Nero. We highly suspect he was duped, or that he duped the chronicler and his court.

Some glass imitations that we have seen looked as good as the real thing. Foremost in our mind is an imitation opal that we see occasionally. The glass is poured into a cabochon-shaped mold that is turned base upward. The mold is not quite filled. The flat base portion of the stone is allowed, or forced, to wrinkle. After cooling, the wrinkled surface is sprayed or coated with a thin metallic layer. More glass is poured over the layer with the final base smoothed carefully. The metallic layer is very near the base of the stone, and this and the junction is hidden by the metal bezel of the jewelry. When viewed from the top, the stone has a play of color that closely rivals that of fine opal. This imitation is difficult to detect, unless viewed directly from the side, where there is no play of color. Examination with a magnifying lens will reveal the wrinkled character of the color.

In some respects, these imitation opals have virtues that opal lacks. Glass can be harder than opal, and thus might

wear better. Opals have a variable percentage of water in their chemical makeup, and may dry out and become worthless. The glass imitations contain no water and normally do not change.

A recent glass imitation has us somewhat bewildered. Lapis Lazuli is a well-known but not really valuable gem. It is a deep blue, often verging onto purple. Almost without fail, lapis lazuli contains small flecks of pyrite, better known as fool's gold.

The manufacture of a deep blue glass to imitate the color of lapis should not be difficult. The addition of the pyrite is evidently a problem. Pyrite is a common mineral, but it melts at a low temperature and quickly alters or breaks down, losing its brilliance. A recent manufacturer solved this problem easily, though not cheaply, by using gold to imitate the pyrite. We have not seen this imitation since the skyrocketing of gold prices!

In the opinion of many, glass, whether it is called paste or any other name, occupies a lowly place, but we have seen it masquerading in some very high places. □

We would like to comment on a communication resulting from our October column. There we discussed crucible buttons, the green glass-like blobs that are the result of assaying at metal mines.

We have received, through the courtesy of George and Helen Swain, of Holden, Utah, a nice letter and some crucible buttons. One was an excellent button that clearly shows the depression occupied by the globule of metal that was the reason for the assay. We would like to quote from their letter.

"This button came from Delmar, Nevada. The first time we were there (1950), there was a large pile of the old slag (buttons) from the assay office. The last time we visited Delmar, there was none.

"In Pioche, Nevada, I was well acquainted with an old mining engineer and chemist. He told me that the type of flux they used in assaying had a tendency to color the slag."

Thanks to the Swains, we now know one mine where the buttons have originated, and something about the formation of the color. The color of the Swain's button is a very brilliant green, and not the same color as those we obtained previously. Bubbles and swirl patterns are the same. □



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Soldados de cuera [leather soldiers] carry out 1775 military drill at Tubac.

ANZA RIDES AGAIN

Continued from Page 41

The friendly Yumas, under their Chief Palma, brought beans, calabashes, maize, wheat, and large ripe watermelons. Font found them tall, sturdy, and "not very ugly." They lived in earth-covered huts, "somewhat excavated, like a rabbit burrow." They seemed gentle, gay and happy—but they were lazy. Fathers Garces and Eixarch were left to teach them better ways of life.

The expedition crossed the Colorado at a ford where the river was six feet at its deepest. Women and children were crossed on horses.

Supplies were kept dry, taken over in small loads.

Now Anza faced the deadly, empty, thirsty land that was to become the Imperial Valley. Scouts sent out to search for water could find no more than the scant supplies Anza had located on his earlier journey.

The company moved down the river and camped at the lagoon of Santa Olaya, near present Pescadero Dam. Indians brought more delicious ripe watermelons and there was excellent pasturage. Anza rested his stock and his people, for the desert ahead.

Because of the lack of water, Anza decided to cross the desert in three sections. The cattle and the loose stock made a fourth, but they were to strike directly across for Carrizo Creek, the drivers carrying skins filled with water for their own use, the animals, hopefully, to survive without.

With every water bottle filled, maize and grain carried for every mount, Anza led out the first division. Winding through the great Imperial sand dunes, the cavalcade fought cold winds and a snow storm that swept the entire plain. They reached El Carrizal on December 9, "a deadly place with no pasturage and extremely bad water." December 10 they made camp in a dry wash which has been identified as the channel of the New River.

Next morning they rose at 3:00 a.m., rode at 7:00 a.m. They crossed the present International Border near Calexico, and reached the wells at Santa Rosa at 6:00 p.m., having traveled 35 miles in 11 hours. The rest of the night and into the morning the men worked in the shallow holes, deepening them and dipping the seeping water out in baskets, to satisfy the thirsty animals.

To free the wells for the divisions following, Anza's section moved on 10 miles and made a dry camp in Coyote Wash, north of Plaster City.

They reached San Sebastian on December 13, found fair grass and water, and wood for fires, and camped to await the other sections. The cattle arrived the next day after a continuous drive without water, in which 11 animals had died. The rest were so weakened that eight head and one mule froze to death during the night.

Sergeant Grijalva brought his chilled group in on December 15. Lieutenant Moraga, caught in the worst of the snow storm, did not arrive until the 17th. He had lost 15 mules and horses, but all his people survived.

That night, Sunday, the expedition members celebrated their reunion at San Sebastian, and the conquest of the desert. It was a happy time, but Father Font found it discordant, and was particularly upset by a "bold widow" who sang songs that "were not nice," and was applauded for them. At morning Mass, he informed his flock they should have been thanking God for sparing their lives instead of holding a fandango in honor of the devil.

Leaving San Sebastian, Anza followed his earlier trail through Borrego Valley and the Pass of San Carlos, and out of the desert country. The expedition arrived at San Gabriel Mission on January 4, 1776, and at Monterey March 10.

Anza returned to Tubac, but Lieutenant Moraga led the colonists on to the edge of San Francisco where they arrived June 27, 1776—eight days before the signing of the American Declaration of Independence.

Anza Expedition celebrations in Yuma will begin the afternoon of November 28—the day the 1775 expedition arrived—with a slide show on *Camino del Diablo* in the afternoon and a ball for the expedition at the convention center that night. On the 29th, there will be a parade down 4th Avenue in the morning, Cocopa Indian dances in the afternoon, band concerts and fireworks in the evening. On the 30th, there will be a religious service at the Colorado River at 2:00 p.m., and at 3:00 p.m., at Joe Henry Memorial Park, the river crossing will be undertaken.

Visitors should be forewarned that if the event planning at Yuma is similar to that at Tubac—where arrangements for the expedition departure seemed planned primarily for officials, participants and invited guests—it may be necessary to park a long distance from the activities, then find your location for advantageous viewing.

That river crossing at Yuma, though, ought to be worth making an effort to see. It might also be a test of the exactness with which the Anza Expedition of 1775-76 is recreating that of 1775-76. I would be especially interested in the way today's Fathers Font and Garces cross the Colorado.

In his diary, Font described how, ill and "dizzy-headed" with one of his bouts with malaria, he was helped across the river by three servants—one leading his horse, the others, one on each side, holding him in the saddle.

Father Garces also had three helpers—but with a difference! Wrote Font: "Father Garces was carried over on the shoulders of three Yumas, two at his head and one at his feet, he lying stretched out face up as though he were dead."

That would be a Bicentennial event to see! □



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Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must
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Found Desert . . .

By sheer chance, while visiting a friend at a V. A. hospital in Albany, I saw a copy of your very interesting magazine.

Please enter my subscription for one year. It will be invaluable to us in planning a major Western vacation next year.

WILLIAM P. MARGOPOULOS,
Woodstock, New York.

Identifies Cannon . . .

The picture of the small cannon that Terry Graffam found (*Desert Magazine*, October 1975, p. 47), is beyond a doubt one of a limited edition.

Possibly he could clean it up a little with acid or sand and find a serial number. De Anza may very well have carried a number of these for "trinket" trading with the Indians.

MAX K. OLIPHANT,
Escondido, California.

Finds Crucibles . . .

For several years we have looked forward to each issue of *Desert magazine*. In one of your 1973 issues, an article about jasper in Southern California was the incentive for one of our vacation trips to the desert where we found some lovely pieces of both red and gold jasper we are proud to display in their natural state.

The "Rambling on Rocks" article about crucible buttons in the October 1975 issue is especially interesting to us. From September 1974 through mid-1948, we lived at Argus, California when the American Potash and Chemical Corporation was expanding their refinery at Trona. We spent many weekends exploring the desert and mountains in the area. In an abandoned mine in the Slate Mountains, we saw several very old articles including a small rusted metal box with a hinged lid that contained six or seven candles, a hammer, a pick with a broken handle, and a few crucibles. Only one crucible was intact. We were curious about its use so we have kept it all these years.

Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

JANUARY 18, Sylmar Gem Dandies Gem and Mineral Club "Showoff of 1976." Masonic Temple, 1112 N. Maclay, San Fernando, California. Free parking, admission and demonstrations. Food, dealers.

JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 1, California Barbed Wire Collectors Association's Antique Barbed Wire and Collectable Show at the Colonial Country Club, 25115 Kirby at Menlo, Hemet, California. Barbed wire, fencing tools, bottles, insulators, date nails and more. Free. Write: Amos Ulberg, 21100 Highway 79, Space 309, San Jacinto, California 92383.

The article has satisfied our curiosity. Now we are wondering where we could see a crucible button. Perhaps one of your readers knows.

Incidentally, during the time we lived in the desert, we were at Ballarat and talked to Seldom Seen Slim about the town. We were disappointed recently to learn that the few remaining adobe buildings that were standing when we were there are nearly gone now.

MRS. RALPH E. THOMAS,
Tenino, Washington.

I read with interest the article in the October *Desert Magazine* by Glenn Vargas.

Quite a few years ago, a friend and I were touring around the desert and came upon a deserted mining complex. In the assay shack we found crucibles and crucible buttons. Three of the buttons were as Mr. Vargas described them—just buttons of opaque material. The fourth one is a very pretty transparent green. It is not a whole one, but of good size. I have always been curious about this button and wondered if it could be emerald cut into a nice stone.

FRED PAULSEN,
Beaumont, California.

Enjoyed Ghost Town Article . . .

I particularly enjoyed the article, "Dust and Desolation" in your October '75 issue. I have read about many desolate places and believe me this is one of them!

NATHAN MERRILL,
Charlestown, N. H.

JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 1, Orange Coast Mineral & Lapidary Society's 26th Annual Show, National Guard Armory, 612 E. Warner, Santa Ana, Calif. Dealer space filled. Free admission and parking. Outstanding exhibits.

JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 1, The Spirits of 76 in Glass, sponsored by the Southern Nevada Antique Bottle Collectors, 11th Annual Bottle Show and Sale, Convention Center, Las Vegas, Nevada. Contact: Karen Perraro, 515 Northridge Dr., Boulder City, Nevada 89005.

FEBRUARY 13-15, Tucson Gem and Mineral Society's 22nd Annual Show, Tucson Community Center Exhibition Hall, 350 S. Church St., Tucson, Arizona. Dealer space filled. Admission \$1.00 adults, children under 14 free with adult.

FEBRUARY 22-29, Desert Botanical Garden's 29th Annual Cactus Show, Papago Park, Phoenix, Arizona. Free admission. Oldest and largest show of its kind with a striking variety of displays.

MARCH 5-7, Phoenix Gem and Mineral Show "Spirit of '76," sponsored by the Maricopa Lapidary Society. State Fairgrounds, Phoenix, Arizona. Overnight parking for campers in fairgrounds. Field trip March 8. Richard Canterbury, Chairman, 2050 W. Dunlap, Phoenix, Arizona 85021.

MARCH 6 & 7, "Artistry from Nature," 14th Annual Show, Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California. Dealer spaces filled, camping available. Chairman: Ed Rogers, 3462 Minna, Oxnard, California 93030.

MARCH 13 & 14, 1976 Needles Gem and Mineral Club's Annual Spring Parade of Gems, Elks Club, 1000 Lily Hilly Dr., Needles, California. Exhibits, Field Trips, Food, Prizes. Dealers filled. Alberta Frye, Chairman, P. O. Box 762, Needles, CA 92363.

MARCH 19-21, 16th Annual Southwest Gem and Mineral Show, Villita Assembly Hall, 401 Villita Street, San Antonio, Texas.

MARCH 20 & 21, Sequoia Mineral Society's 38th Annual "Gem Roundup," Memorial Building, Dinuba, California, dealers filled. Chairman: Sam Carlson, 2102 Merced St., Selma, California 93662.

MARCH 27 & 28, Roseville Rock Rollers, Inc., 5th Annual Gem and Mineral Show, "Nature's Wonders." Placer County Fairgrounds, Main Exhibit Hall, Hwy. 65 and All American Blvd., Roseville, California. Admission, 50c. Dealers, demonstrations, exhibits, ample parking and camping.



Peace on Earth to All

from *Desert*

Lloyd Mitchell